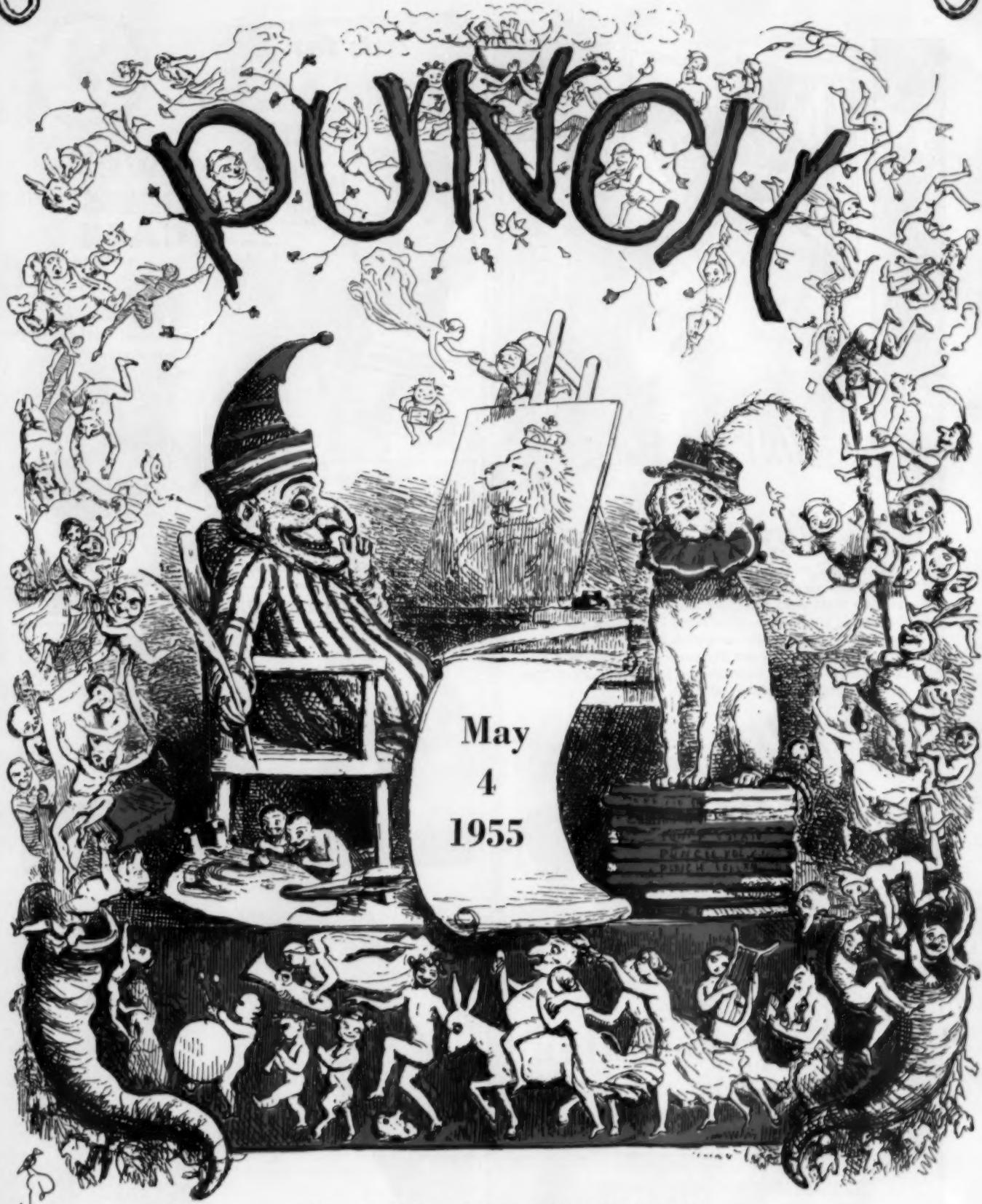


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By Royal Command

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



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BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers

25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 9/6

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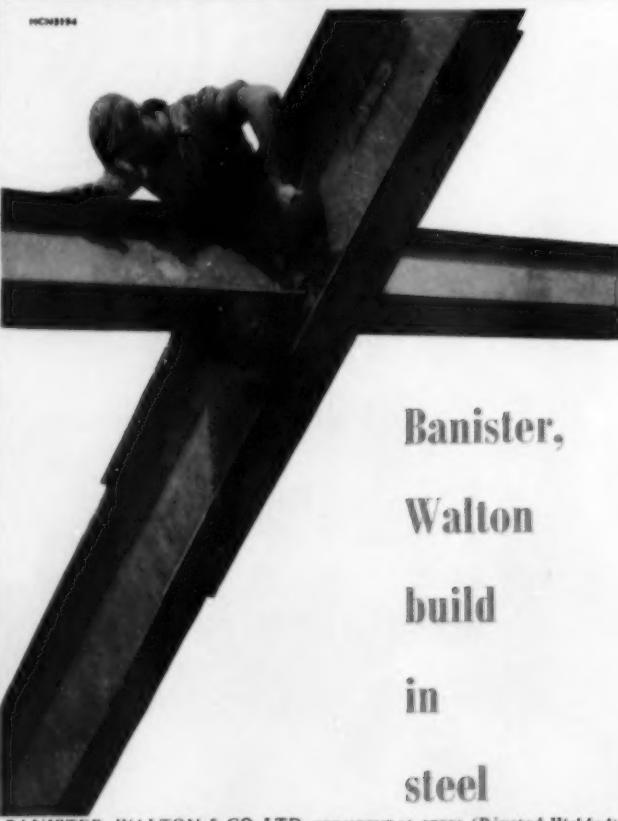


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MAY

BURIED BONES

May Day, the first day of this supposedly merry month, has a special significance to the people of Ilford, Essex. On May 1st, 1824, the entire skeleton of a mammoth was found there. And... which makes antiquarians of Ilford offer their autographs with a superior air to the dittos of Piltdown in Sussex... the Ilford mammoth was/is no forgery. Where now is Ilford High Road, the Ilford Cricket Ground, and the main Ilford Midland Bank, there must authentically have roamed at least one hairy great beast with tip-tilted tusks. Do not think harshly of Ilford's mammoth. It must have had a mother. It may indeed have been a mother. It knew some sort of massive love. If the (then) people of (what is now) Ilford chased it with bows, arrows and rude weapons, it may also have known hate. But that its skeleton was found complete suggests that it died there unmolested by meat-hunters, and simply sank into the ooze. Other towns celebrate other events on May Day. Moscow has a military parade in its Red Square. Oxford has choir-singing in the dawn at the top of Magdalen Tower. Why should the men of Moscow and Oxford alone look round for applause on that day? Ilfordians, without undue chauvinism, can hold their heads high, too. Whether they all remember to do so, is another matter.



Some of the demands upon our purses arrive, like May Day, with clockwork regularity. There is no risk that such items as rent and subscriptions will be overlooked when payment is arranged through the Midland Bank Standing Order Service.

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How many doz. 357's? ...'Fourteen'
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Immediate grant of commissions to pensionable age now available for pilots and navigators in the Royal Air Force

THERE has been an important change in the Royal Air Force's Direct Commission scheme. You can now qualify for a well-paid career in flying with the opportunity of continuing it until you retire on full pension. This method of entry is known as Scheme A.

The other type of Direct Commission (Scheme B) still remains available. This enables a would-be pilot or navigator to sign on for 12 years, with the option of returning to civilian life after 8 years. Scheme B entrants may transfer at any time to Scheme A. Alternatively, they receive substantial tax-free gratuities if they leave after 12 or 8 years.

The choice is yours, but the new scheme has

obvious advantages. It combines adventure with security—a flying life with a long-term R.A.F. career. There are good opportunities for reaching high rank. The financial prospects are excellent. A Flight-Lieutenant of 25, drawing full allowances, now earns more than £1,000 a year.

Basic qualifications for a Direct Commission are keenness and aptitude for flying, the desire and ability for leadership, perfect physical health and, at least, the General Certificate of Education, the Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent. The age limits for entry are 17½ to 26th birthday.

If you have these qualifications and want

to fly with the Royal Air Force there has never been a better time to apply than now.

Write for full details

Full information on the Direct Commission Scheme is given in the pamphlet 'Commissions for Pilots and Navigators'. Write for this, giving details of your education and previous career to the Under-Secretary of State, P.U.900A, Air Ministry, M.R.2, Theobalds Road, London, W.C.1.



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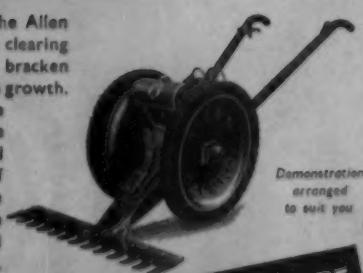
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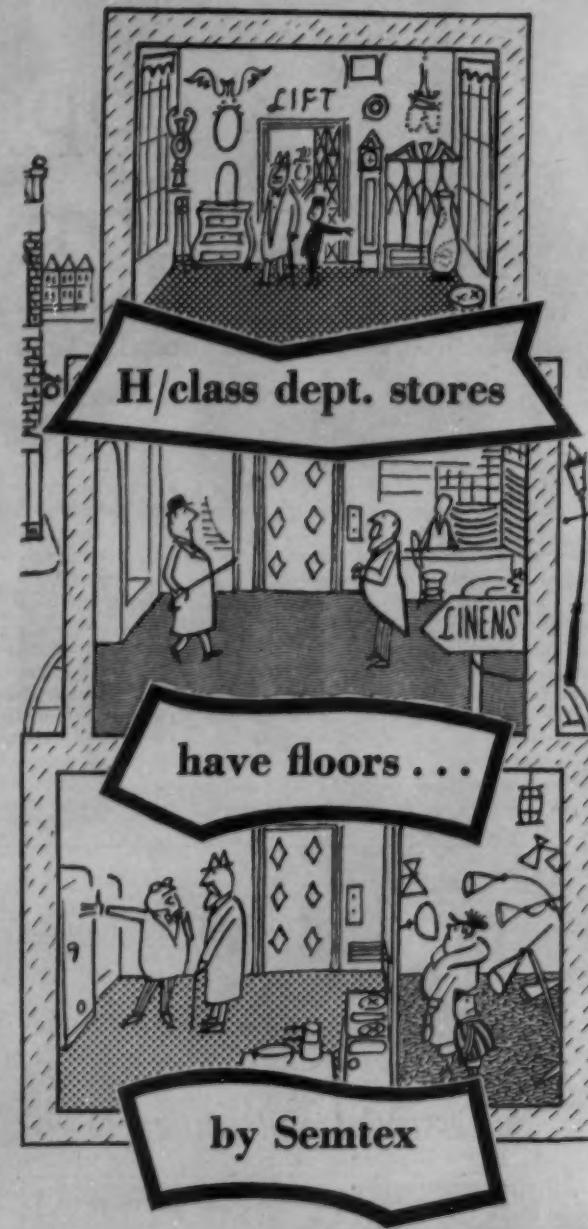


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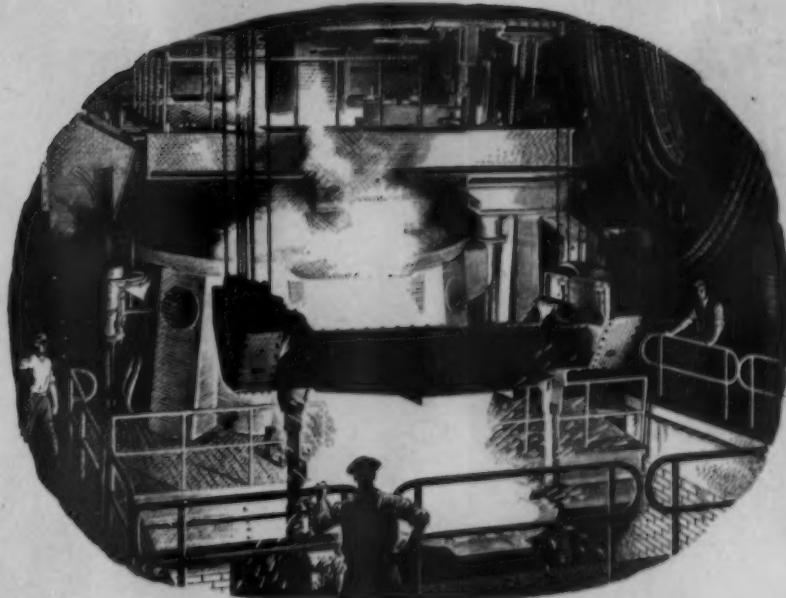
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The furnace shown requires electrical power of
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Western Europe.



In the steel works molten metal flows from the furnace. In the kitchen the food is cold and fresh from the refrigerator. Electricity is serving man. There is a connection between these events for the power is harnessed more effectively by equipment built by AEI Companies.

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This refrigerator is shown in a kitchen equipped
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Let's face it—healthy hair is handsome hair. Oil-starved roots and Dry Scalp just won't let your hair have that neat and natural, well-groomed look.

A few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic, massaged gently into the scalp each morning, will check Dry Scalp, supplement the natural scalp oils and promote healthy, neat, and handsome hair.

Why not let 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic help your hair to be its natural good-looking self? Buy a bottle today.



Dry, scruffy hair? Hair that is hard to manage? Your trouble is probably Dry Scalp. Check Dry Scalp by massaging daily with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.



Just twenty seconds every morning and see the difference! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements the natural scalp oils, keeps hair naturally handsome all day.



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The dressing that checks Dry Scalp

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above
ground



and below

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Builders of Bridges & Fabricators of all types of structural steelwork



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Vital indeed is the part that packaging has to play

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and

PAINT!



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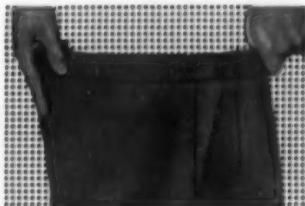
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Cleaner cut, so giving a neater, more natural hang—back and front.



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New self-adjusting roller top that conforms to the movement of the body and prevents buckling or unsightly bulging when seated.



Extra Comfort

Inside Flexway waistband adds to the comfort as well as keeping the shirt from rucking up.



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The latest curved zip, which conforms to the shape of the figure, is self-locking.

And a wider variety of materials and shades

Worsted Flannel—in mid-grey, dark grey and the new shade of lovat. Summer-light Gabardine—in fawn, brown and lovat. Cavalry Twill—in a warm shade of fawn. There are fittings for every waistline and all leg lengths. Incidentally, side pockets are slanted and there are two (straight) hip pockets all of which are holeproof.

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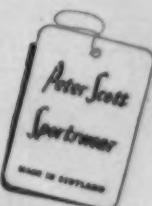
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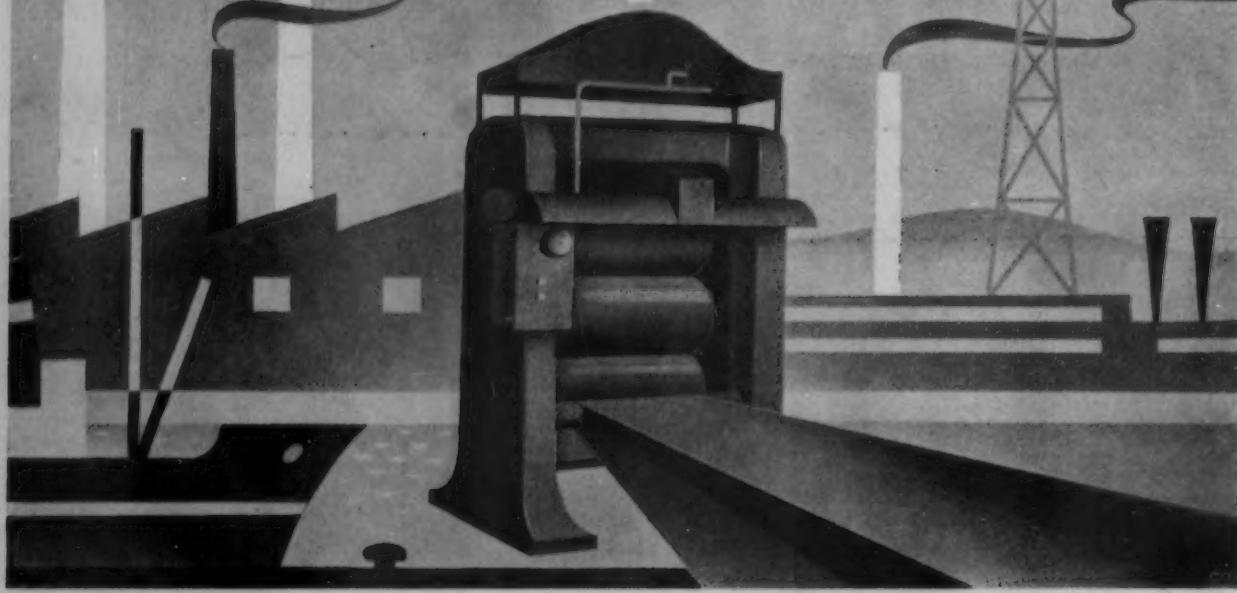
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INDUSTRIAL INSULATIONS LTD., SHEFFIELD, BEDS.—Manufacturers of 'Insulap' adhesive insulating and masking tape. High insulating properties; exceptional and lasting adhesive quality; particularly low hygroscopicity.

P. B. COW & COMPANY LTD.

(*Rubber and Plastic Manufacturers, Makers of Li-Lo Products*)

EXCELLENT FIGURES. INCREASED TURNOVER AND PROFITS.

Mr. DENZIL H. CARLISLE'S SPEECH

The 8th Annual General Meeting of P. B. Cow and Company, Ltd., was held on April 28 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2, Mr. Denzil H. Carlisle, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. W. C. Jenvey, F.C.C.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen.—On other occasions, when I have had the privilege of addressing you, I have allowed myself the luxury of giving you a rather long review of our affairs with some reference to each Company in the Group. I do not propose to do that on this occasion and shall make my remarks shorter, allowing the excellent figures to speak for themselves. Most industrial companies have been reporting improved figures and we feel that we have at least had our fair share of the national prosperity.

MARKET PRICE OF STOCK

I should not normally refer to the market quotation of the Company's Ordinary Stock were it not for a remark I made to you in 1951. Then I said: "My target of accomplishment for you, as our Stockholders, is the complete re-establishment of the good name of the Company and the earning of the profits I know it can and should make to render possible the payment of dividends justifying the price at which so many of us came into this situation."

I feel it necessary to mention this because during 1954 the market value of our Stock in its doubled form passed the point at which those investors who took an interest when the Stock was originally offered for sale could see the value of their investment more than reinstated. This is the first time this happy situation has arisen since 1948.

It has been suggested that public companies should issue half-yearly profit statements, but that is a contentious subject and an object difficult to achieve in a Group such as ours. The truest indication of a Company's progress or the reverse during its first half-year's trading is contained in the Board's announcement of an interim dividend. In our case, for instance, the maintenance of the same rate of interim dividend on the doubled capital was correctly interpreted in several quarters as indicating that we were satisfied with the first half-year's estimated profits and that we hoped—I repeat hoped—to be able, as we have done, to maintain the same rate of final dividend.

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET

I have only one or two comments to make on the consolidated Balance Sheet. Effect has been given to the Resolution carried at the Extraordinary General Meeting held at this time last year, so that your equity capital is, as I have indicated, now doubled. You will notice that Stocks and Work in Progress have risen over the figure for the preceding year by more than a quarter of a million pounds, which naturally follows on an increased turnover.

You will also observe that we are recommending you to continue the operation of building up our reserves by a transfer of £150,000 from the current year's profits to General Reserve, thus bringing our total Capital and Revenue Reserves to the respectable figure of more than £600,000.

Preference Stockholders, to whom I did not refer in my opening remarks on the price of the Company's Ordinary Stock, may take comfort from this strengthening of their position. We are also asking you to agree to place a further £20,000 to Employees' Supplementary Benefit Reserve, which fund it is also our intention, with your approval, to build up into a reasonably substantial total. It may well be that this sum will be separately invested, but your Board has, as yet, made no decision on this.

SUBSIDIARIES' SATISFACTORY YEAR

With one exception all the subsidiary companies had a satisfactory year, and provision has been made for the exception in the figures now before you. The parent Company's turnover and profit exceeded that of the previous very good year. As all business men will appreciate, the rate of profit is largely governed by turnover, and during the past year nearly all factories in the Group have been running nearly to capacity.

Additional manufacturing space and sufficient labour are our principal worries, but with the progressive installation of new plant, bringing with it increased efficiencies, targets of production are being constantly raised.

I have recently returned from a visit to Australia where, I need hardly say, I was received with the usual warmth and hospitality we have come to expect from our Australian friends. We made our original investment in that Continent in anticipation of further Government restriction of imports and our foresight was justified. Some time later those restrictions were eased but have recently been tightened again. However, because of our existing manufacturing capacity, we shall not lose this ever-growing market.

The turnover of our associated Company down under, Leggett Rubber Industries, has considerably increased, the principal contributory cause being the popularity of its Li-Lo products. This created some difficulty in the financing of increased stocks, partly of a seasonal nature. We have accordingly agreed to invest a further sum of money in that Company and shall be working in even closer collaboration with our friends on the other side of the world than we are at present.

INDUSTRIAL INSULATIONS, LTD.

During the year under review we purchased the entire capital of Industrial Insulations Limited which manufactures insulating and masking tapes and is likely to extend its production into other goods of a similar nature. This purchase seems to me to be particularly appropriate since this Company's products are ancillary to some of those of the parent Company.

If you would like further information on the products of the Group, apart from any questions you care to ask me, you will have seen that we have given a brief résumé of each one's activities on the back page of the accounts.

An event of some importance occurred towards the end of last year when the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation granted approval for the modified use of inflatable life-saving rafts and dinghies by the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets. This authority covers our life rafts sold under the trade names of "Mariner," a twenty-seater, and "Pilot," a ten-seater. Although numerous inquiries have been made by the Mercantile Marine, and indeed a number of orders have been received for both types, it cannot be expected that the shipping companies will immediately place large orders to augment the conventional type of life-boat. However, we are reasonably satisfied with the progress made to date and feel that the possibilities of the future in this field may be considerable.

THE CURRENT YEAR

As always you will expect me to make a forecast of the current year's profits. Some years ago I told you that you need never expect an optimistic speech from me, and I have so often warned you of a possible fall in profits, or at least no increase, that my friends now accuse me of crying "Wolf, wolf." I stand before you with my head bloody but unbowed and shall cry "Wolf" again. Businesses to-day, and manufacturing firms in particular, can be largely affected by the international situation and home politics, and 1955 is likely to be an especially difficult year.

He would be a very bold man therefore who would try and predict what profits are likely to be or how long the present industrial boom will continue. All one can say is that our trading for the first few months and our order books at the present time give us no reason to believe that the results for 1955 will be materially different from those of 1954, but whether they will be higher or lower is impossible to forecast.

TRIBUTE TO MANAGEMENT AND STAFF

It gives me great pleasure yet again to pay a very warm tribute to the loyalty and hard work of every man and woman who has helped us to earn this, at present, record profit. I have always stressed the importance of team work, and our factories and offices show that quality to a marked degree. But you cannot have team work without leadership; I should like on this occasion particularly to thank my colleagues on the parent Board for the staunch support and unwavering loyalty they have always given me personally. I repeat what I have said to you before, that in over thirty years' experience I have never known a Board which worked together so well and whose widely varying qualities so neatly dovetailed into each other.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted; the proposed final dividend of 17½ per cent., less tax, making 25 per cent., less tax, for the year, was approved; the retiring Director, Mr. B. S. Davies, was re-elected, and the remuneration of the auditors, Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co., having been fixed, the proceedings terminated.



"And service? And spares?" Asks the practical mind —

SOME PEOPLE JUST BUY CARS. The wise man asks himself about the service he can expect in the years ahead. Say he finds himself five miles from anywhere, with a minor breakdown (it happens to the best of us) . . . what then? First, *Ford Service is Everywhere*. It's part of the public service. Where there isn't a Ford Dealer on the spot, there is one near at hand. Next, every Ford Main Dealer carries a full range of genuine 'EnFo' Parts and Spares, from a split pin right up to a reconditioned engine. Next, each one has

Dagenham trained mechanics who know exactly what to do and who are helped by special equipment to do it quickly and efficiently. For these reasons, Ford maintenance runs smoothly on a basis of low, fixed charges. Ford believe that a sale is not the end of a transaction, but the beginning of a partnership. They are as much interested in your car's performance as you are, and they prove their point with a Service which only this belief, backed by Ford experience and resources, could provide.

"To hand!" say



of Dagenham



FORD PRODUCTS - THE BEST AT LOWEST COST



PUNCH

CHARIVARIA

BRITISH Railways staff are being supplied with a booklet entitled "Ideas Pay." Readers finding that it only contains a lot of stuff about rewards for efficiency suggestions are glancing at the title again and realizing that they had misread it as "Pay Ideas."

Mushroom

"I MIGHT feel a little depressed," the wife of a Harwell scientist is reported to have said on a recent social occasion there, "if my husband were just a Civil Servant working on something like income tax; but here we are all in on the beginning of something new." That's what they once said about income tax.

Modern Times

MINISTRY of Works floodlighting which started on Sunday stuck to the same unimaginative old programme of Nelson's Column, the Tower, the Admiralty Arch and the usual art galleries. Why not a touch of topical realism and a limelight on Transport House?

What About Some Brass-cleaning?

FIREMEN are in the news again with the rescue of an Alsatian dog cut off by the tide at Torquay. Well done. Though a parallel item about another



brigade which answered a Stepney alarm and rescued "a pigeon trapped in a tree" suggests that this kind of thing shouldn't be allowed to get obsessive.

Silver Lining

"VERY pessimistic prognostications" by certain Indian seers were referred to

recently in *Neues Europa*, and no doubt sent readers riffling through in a cowardly fashion for the light relief of the comic strips. If they had only read on they would have found that the forecast was merely of "a series of catastrophes in the second half of 1957"—and felt cheered, in consequence, at the idea that there was actually going to be a second half of 1957.

Break

IT is to be hoped that the Harlow woman who, according to an Essex paper, found a 1905 gold half-hunter watch in a field where she was hoeing carrots, realizes how lucky she is. If she'd been hoeing turnips she'd have missed it.

Steady, the Buffs

CERTAIN Herefordshire villages are having to use powdered milk although they are surrounded by dairy-farms. This, said a Milk Marketing Board



official, was because of farmers' disinclination to sell milk, "because of form-filling." Or so it said on the form.

Same the Whole World Over

"I MISS you splendid people," cried Harry S. Truman, briefly revisiting Washington. He described his talk as "an old-fashioned political address." He said that Republican policy had been all right while it had followed his own precepts, but "where they have deviated they have had trouble." In response to cheers he added, "I thought you'd be tired of me, but apparently you're not," and ended with a twinkle about calling at his Washington bank "to see if my

credit is any good." The speaker, of course, was not the Harry S. Truman who recently denied rumours that he was available for public office. ("There is absolutely no truth in the report. It is ridiculous.")

No Bubbles

LESS is heard nowadays about the Irishness of the Irish, and it is pleasant to see that an ingredient recommended in an *Irish Times* cooking recipe is "One level tablespoon of milk."

New Safeguard

PEACE-LOVERS everywhere will have read gratefully the *New York Herald*



Tribune report that an American girdle manufacturer is using Army Reserve pigeons to rush orders from buyer to factory. Any rash move to put the U.S. Army on a war footing will have to get past American women before these birds can be served with call-up papers.

Bizarre Scene in Maternity Ward

READERS of the Sunday Press may sometimes wonder how much longer the papers can find something new and startling every week: the *Woman's Sunday Mirror* is obviously nowhere near the bottom of the barrel yet, however, when it comes out effortlessly with such headlines as "I'm Going to Have a Baby the Natural Way."

Great Entertainment

ALERT for fresh and appealing notions, the I.T.A. programme contractors can hardly have overlooked the sensation caused recently when a television

comedian confided to delighted millions, "I'm going to be a dad," and added that his wife sent her love to them all. Possibilities unfold like spring flowers. Few viewers, for instance, could resist an invitation to have their own intimate affairs publicized in this way by some nation-wide celebrity, and sponsors for a really human programme along these lines would eagerly step forward from the ranks of matrimonial agencies, baby-food manufacturers, funeral furnishers and others. Audiences would not only look forward happily to the day when their own name was read out to the world, but with the aid of an occasional telefilm could have the illusion of actually saying "Goo" into other people's perambulators, assisting at the weddings of total strangers, and weeping behind the hearses of deceased fellow-viewers.

Bringing the House Down

VIEWERS who some time ago saw Mr. Heathcoat Amory opening a new



cattle market carried away no great impression of him as a humorist. This, however, only goes to prove the

difficulties of television as a medium. In the more familiar setting of the House of Commons Mr. Amory can split sides with the best of them:

"Mr. Amory said that his department were carrying out research into the movement of pigeons (*laughter*) . . . Cheap cartridges were available for organized shoots (*laughter*) . . . This was an important matter (*laughter*) . . . There was a good deal of difference of opinion on how far pigeons did go (*renewed laughter*) . . . It was important . . . to know how far density of pigeons could spread over the country (*laughter*)."

Liberal No More

Lady Megan Lloyd George had long been disturbed by the pronounced tendency of the official Liberal Party to drift toward the right."

TWAS no swift, unpremeditated flight
That clove the last, irreparable cleft;
For while the Party moved toward the
right
Megan had found herself completely
left.

Dissolution Song

(Tune: "This Ole House")



HIS ole House once knew his thunder,
This ole House once knew his wit,
This ole House once paid attention
Every time he spoke in it.
Now the youngsters run the racket
While the Old Man's influence ebbs,
So we're goin' to the country
For a mandate from the plebs!

Chorus:

Ain't a-gonna need this House no longer,
Ain't a-gonna need this House no more!
Ain't no use to watch the Speaker,
Ain't no use to take the floor,
Ain't no point in points of order,
Nor in heedin' Whips' controls—
Ain't a-gonna need this House no longer,
We're a-gettin' ready to storm the polls!

This ole House raised Old Age Pensions,
This ole House increased its pay,
This ole House once rose in anger
At the thought of I.T.A.,
This ole House built lots of houses,
This ole House raised many a rent,
Now the voters gotta vote themselves
Another Parliament!

Chorus:

Ain't a-gonna need this House no longer,
Ain't a-gonna need this House no more!
Ain't got time for Colonel Lipton,
Ain't got time for Captain Orr,
Ain't got room for Woodrow Wyatt,
Though he sure would like to stand—
Ain't a-gonna need this House no longer,
We're a-gettin' ready to stump the land!

This ole House gave back road transport,
This ole House sold orange-juice,
This ole House chose Belgian rifles
'Stead of British E.M.2s;
This ole House banned horror-comics
After many an angry speech,
But the Parties soon will fill the gap
With a manifesto each.

Chorus:

Ain't a-gonna need this House no longer,
Ain't a-gonna need this House no more!
Ain't got time to shout "Disgraceful!"
Ain't got time to shout "Withdraw!"
Ain't got time for rolling periods,
Nor for sparkling anecdotes,
Ain't a-gonna need this House no longer,
We're a-gettin' ready to catch your votes!

B. A. YOUNG

"SWEET VI-O-LETS . . ."



"SWEET VI-O-LETS . . ."



"Now that's what I call a vote of confidence."

The Plot Thickens

By PAUL DEHN

THE reason why I seemed (until recently) incapable of writing a smash-hit play that would pack Drury Lane—well, the Winter Garden, well, the St. Martin's . . . the Fortune . . . the New Lindsey . . . was that I could never think of a plot. I took advice, of course—none of it very practical, except for a wrinkle once proffered me by the late Ivor Novello, who said: "Whenever I'm stuck for a plot, I bring my curtain up on four old people sitting round a bridge table—and then I wait and see what happens."

I did try this once, and I still have the page or so of dialogue that streamed (so promisingly, at first) from my pen. I don't actually play bridge myself, or indeed any card game—except the kind of patience that would have to be set out on a billiards table if four old people were simultaneously to play separate games of it in any sort of comfort. Presumably that is why, attached to my manuscript, I find what seems to be a

quotation from a bridge column from which (as well as from what I have seen of card-playing on the films) I must acutely have adduced the rules of the game. Underneath a vivid little diagram which shows not only the cards held (I counted a full fifty-two) but the precise point of the compass from which they must be displayed on the table, the clipping—how faded, now!—outlines the "bidding" and concludes: "West won and returned a Club, which East refused. After that there was no defence and West played a high Club to force the table. Dummy held a low trump. North, vulnerable and holding a singleton in Spades (ruffed), was unable to prevent the slam."

A hot July evening in the Blue Drawing room at Farmiloe Towers. Enter DR. PINKNEY (North), LADY FARMIOE (South), MRS. PINKNEY (East) and SIR JOHN FARMIOE (West). They seat themselves at the bridge table.

SIR JOHN (*jovially*): Toss you for deal, Pinkney.

DR. P. (*spinning a coin*): Your call, Sir John.

SIR JOHN: Heads!

DR. P.: It's tails.

He takes the cards and deals them, thirteen at a time, to each player.

LADY F.: Your bid, John.

SIR JOHN: Four spades.

LADY F.: Two diamonds.

SIR JOHN: Five spades.

LADY F.: Three diamonds.

MRS. P. (*loudly and suddenly*): Slam!

DR. P. (*with quiet dignity*): I am unable to prevent it.

MRS. P. (*fixing him with a bitter glance*): Vulnerable singleton!

SIR JOHN: I pass.

LADY F.: I ruff.

DR. P. (*very excited*): I refuse.

MRS. P.: I force the table.

DR. P. (*in a small voice*): One low trump.

LADY F.: See you.

DR. P (triumphantly spreading his cards):
Four knaves, a pair of jokers and a natural.

LADY F.: Which makes me dummy.

She rises and moves to armchair (R.) from which she produces embroidery.
Enter EUNICE with coffee tray.

There! Already, among these living, breathing people, a new character has been introduced as naturally as you please. Something, in Mr. Novello's words, is obviously about to happen.

EUNICE (to Mrs. P.): Coffee, madam?
Mrs. P.: Yes, please. White.

EUNICE pours.

EUNICE (to Dr. P.): Coffee, sir?

DR. P.: Yes, please. Black.

EUNICE pours.

EUNICE (to Lady F.): Coffee, milady?

LADY F.: Yes, please.

EUNICE pours.

EUNICE (to Sir John): Coffee, Sir John?

SIR JOHN: No, thank you.

[Exit EUNICE]

At this point the manuscript despairingly peters out—on account, I surmise, of the plot's obstinate refusal to peter in.

I wish I had known then what I was to learn many years later at a house-party given by that masterly plot-spinner, Terence Rattigan, who first introduced me to the invaluable parlour game called "Dramatic Consequences."

Here, instead of writing a collective story as in ordinary Consequences, the guests write part of a collective play. First you put down the name of your leading man; then (at each stage folding the paper over and passing it on) the name of your leading lady, the play's title, its alternative title, its author—and finally a series of consecutive extracts (with stage directions where necessary) from its dialogue. The rule is that these extracts must always take the form of a conversation between a Man and a Woman, but that the identity of the Man and the Woman should be specified only by the writer of the first extract—who, when he folds the paper over, must leave the last line of his dialogue *exposed* with the words (HE) or (SHE) in brackets against it. The remaining players, to whom the paper is successively handed, do likewise. Thus

they will always know the sex but not the identity of the next speaker, and possess a rough clue as to what the conversation has previously been about.

In reprinting the most memorable of our composite efforts I have marked the dialogue's transition from writer to writer (in case this is not at once apparent) by an unobtrusive ruled line.

ERNEST MILTON and PHYLLIS DIXEY
in

"A WOMAN PASSED BY" or
"DELANEY'S LAST PRANK."

Translated from the French by
SIR BRONSON ALBERY

ATTORNEY-GENERAL: I put it to you, Mrs. Gresham, that this man entered the room at your express request.

MRS. GRESHAM: No, no.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL: I put it to you that, once inside the room, he made a certain suggestion to you.

MRS. GRESHAM: No, no.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL: "No" has never been an answer that I could





ATTORNEY-GENERAL (shaken): I—I . . .
Mrs. GRESHAM (slowly, as realization dawns): You have condemned yourself out of your own mouth, Gottfried. Now I know that you are mad . . . mad . . . MAD!

She begins to laugh hysterically, as THE CURTAIN FALLS.

No one can say that *A Woman Passed By* (of which this extract is but the climax to Act IV) lacks plot. The Delaney of the alternative title is obviously the Attorney-General himself (Sir Gottfried Delaney, Q.C.) and his Last Prank seems to have cost him pretty dear. Mr. Gresham is suing Mrs. Gresham for divorce, and has briefed the Attorney-General for the Prosecution without realizing that Sir Gottfried is, in fact, *Mrs. Gresham's secret lover*. Sir Gottfried opens his case well. But then, increasingly torn between the claims of Justice and Desire,

his powerful mind cracks. In the very court-room itself he ceases to be the Great Lawyer and becomes (by a magnificent *coup de théâtre*) the Great Lover. The mood-transition was symbolized in the production at the Watergate by the stage being gradually darkened—Judge, jury and counsel for the defence fading imperceptibly from the scene until the Attorney-General and Mrs. Gresham were left spot-lit and face to face, simply and primevally, a Man and his Woman.

Mr. Milton, in the male lead, was matchless. But despite Sir Bronson's graceful translation, those of us who saw the French original must take leave to doubt whether Miss Dixey projected into the heroine's closing speech quite the same Gallic fire as that which brought the house down at the Comédie Française on the night of October 4, 1893, when the divine Sarah uttered her immortal triple cry of "Gaga!"

Ballade of the New Stoicism

THE Stoic Julian Hall possessed at most
 A yacht at Cowes, a shipyard on the Clyde,
 Expense accounts, a cook for boiled or roast,
 A Rolls, and all the horse that he could ride.
 And when a distant cousin faintly tried
 To touch him with a passage from Saint Paul,
 He murmured, in a tone of Stoic pride:
"Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all."

In London he became the perfect host;
 He wangled that C.H. for Mr. Hyde
 Who called his God a turnip-lantern ghost
 But said that Sex must never be denied.
 Tahiti, he observed, should be our guide;
 So Mrs. Hyde ran off with Mr. Hall
 While Nanny from the nursery window cried:
"Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all."

Our Stoic left her on the Libyan coast
 And took his peerage at a single stride.
 He bought the *Morning Star* and *Evening Post*,
 And all the Muses nestled to his side.
 Left-wingers, leaping o'er the Great Divide
 Ate oysters in the new baronial hall;
 Was any still, small want unsatisfied?
Hope thou not much? Great heaven, why hope at all?

ENVOI

Gallows bird Villon, with your thief's neck wried,
 You nailed one ballade, soiled with blood and gall
 Fast to the gibbet where a comrade died,
 In fearful hope, forgiven and shriven for all.

ALFRED NOYES

understand. Did you say "No" when I offered you my kisses? Did you say "No" when I showered you with rubies? Then why, if you said "Yes" before, do you say "No" now?

MRS. GRESHAM: It is time I changed.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL (looking at his watch): It is indeed, my love. May I undo you down the back?

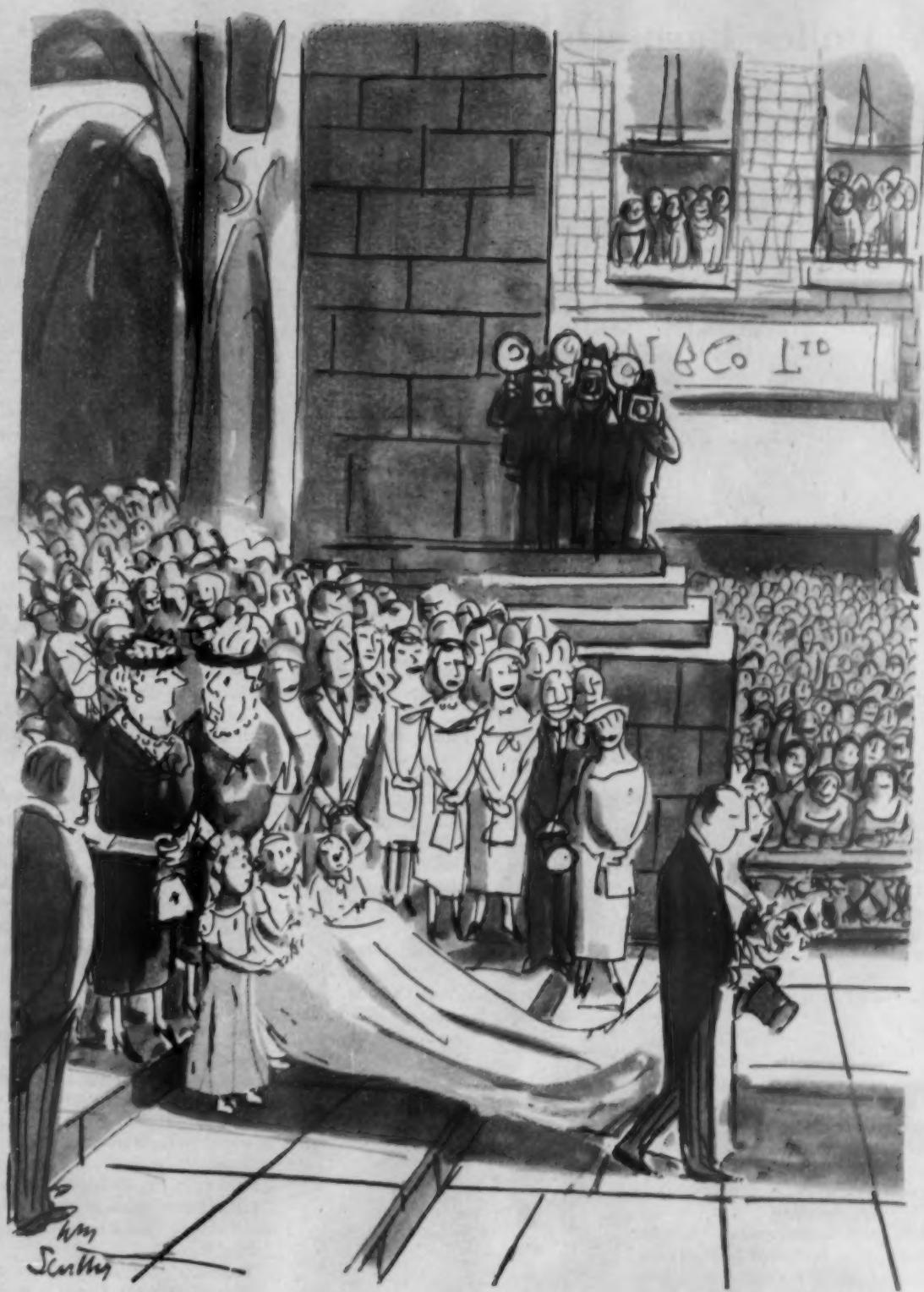
MRS. GRESHAM: No, no. I am already undone.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL (wildly): So are we all, ay, all undone! Here is a loaded piece. Discharge it at my breast!

MRS. GRESHAM: Is there no other way out?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL: Yes, through the skylight. I left it open when I came in.

MRS. GRESHAM: But I saw you come in through the door.



"Of course I engineered this."

The Dulles Farm Policy

By G. D. TAYLOR



WASHINGTON, Sunday

Mr. DULLES is to resign as U.S. Secretary of State. Announcing this to-day at the airport before leaving on a flight round the world, Mr. Dulles told reporters that he hoped to have "finished with politics" within two weeks. He added: "A statesman is expendable, but a farmer is not. Agriculture is one of the noblest endeavours to which man can set his hand. If the Red Chinese devoted more time to agriculture and less to aggression in South-east Asia the free world would be a happier place."—Associated Press and Reuter

GANDER, Sunday

The Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, arrived here to-night on the first leg of his flight round the world. He told a press conference at the airport that he was taking up farming in order to clarify his mind on "some important matters," and that the 534-acre farm in Virginia which he had just bought would keep him occupied for many months.—British United Press

SHANNON, Monday

Mr. John Foster Dulles confirmed on his arrival here to-day that he was thinking of buying a farm in Maryland. Mr. Dulles, who is flying round the world, said he had chosen Maryland because it was near the capital and also because he did not want to "go too far South and get mixed up with the pikers in the tobacco business."—Reuter and British United Press

ROME, Tuesday

Mr. John Foster Dulles denied in a statement at the airport here to-night that he had described the American tobacco growers as "pikers." "I want to put it on record," he said, "that if I go in for farming I shall farm in Kentucky and grow all the tobacco I can." He complained that certain remarks made impromptu at Shannon Airport, where he landed yesterday on the second leg of his world tour, had been misinterpreted.—Associated Press and British United Press

CAIRO, Tuesday

The American Chargé d'Affaires in Cairo handed a cable, believed to be from President Eisenhower, to Mr. Dulles, the Secretary of State, when he arrived here to-day by air from Rome.

In answer to questions about his forthcoming resignation Mr. Dulles told reporters that the President would be "the first to hear about it" when he had made up his mind. He refused to elaborate and pushed the microphone at a reporter who asked the size of his farm.—Reuter

KARACHI, Wednesday

Mr. John Foster Dulles landed here to-night on his way to Calcutta. In a prepared statement at the airport he said: "It gives me particular pleasure to be in Pakistan whose people, though little versed in the arts of government, have much to contribute in the way of man-power to the defence of the free world."—Associated Press and British United Press

CALCUTTA, Thursday

Arriving at Dum-Dum Airport to-day Mr. Dulles, the American Secretary of State, issued a statement at a press conference in which he said: "I stand by my previous opinion that agriculture is a fascinating recreation. One can have too much politics." He declined to discuss Mr. Eisenhower's reported statement that he was "not privy" to Mr. Dulles's intentions.—Reuter

SINGAPORE, Thursday

Mr. Dulles was sleeping on his arrival here to-day from Calcutta. An aide said he had been in radio-telephone communication with Washington and

would make an important policy statement when he arrived in Tokyo on Saturday.—British United Press

MANILA, Friday

The American Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, was to-day putting the finishing touches to an important policy statement to be made on his arrival in Tokyo to-morrow. Wearing a dark blue suit he told reporters that he was equally fond of Maryland and Kentucky and would be hard put to it to choose between them.—Associated Press

TOKYO, Saturday

In an important policy statement at the airport here to-day Mr. Dulles, the American Secretary of State, said United States farmers had been mollycoddled by the price support policy of previous Democratic Administrations and had "forgotten how to give their best" to the well-being of America.

"I know my farmer friends will forgive me if I say that mechanized agriculture has become a rich man's pastime and no longer befits the dignity of true sons of the soil."

This statement has led to speculation about Mr. Dulles's rumoured resignation.—Reuter and Associated Press

HONOLULU, Sunday

Mr. Dulles answered "No comment" when reporters at the airport here to-day questioned him about the Pakistani protest to the State Department. Asked about his resignation he said this was neither the time nor the place to engage in a speculative dialogue.—British United Press

SAN FRANCISCO, Monday

Mr. Dulles to-night denied reports that he was going to resign.

In a statement at the airport on the last leg of his flight round the world he said the suggestion that he was about to leave the Eisenhower Administration and take up farming was "a newspaper gimmick." He declared that he was "110 per cent ignorant of agriculture" and "couldn't tell a long staple from a Lucky Strike."

President Eisenhower will be at the airport to greet Mr. Dulles at Washington to-morrow.—Reuter



Faith Restored

By CLAUD COCKBURN

YOU'D hardly think it to see me now, but I have to admit there was a time—along about the middle of last year—when I believe I was in very, very real danger of losing my faith in the Essence of British Bureaucracy. To-day that seems nearly incredible. Yet it was the state of mind, the sloppy, superficial attitude to life, into which I was unwittingly slipping.

And for the fact that I didn't, after all, slip the *whole* way, and that my faith is now firmer than ever, I want first and foremost to thank Britain's Inspector of Foreign Dividends, Inland Revenue, Kingston By-Pass Road, Surbiton, Surrey, Register Number F D C 22091. I do this not only in gratitude but because I am all too well aware that there may be others, reading these lines, who are in the same danger I once was in, and I am confident that if they only get in touch with him, he will help them.

Don't think I am trying to put the blame for that state of mind I got into

on a "bad home," or any lack of proper guidance when I was younger. I don't suppose anyone was more carefully taught the Essence of Bureaucracy than I was. From my very earliest years the simple old truths had been instilled into me. If I did not know that Bureaucrats bumble, harass, procrastinate and ask a lot of damfool questions that nobody but a practised liar would even pretend to be able to answer accurately, it was not for want of tuition.

I knew almost by heart all the lovely old stories of the tea-drinking and the blood-sucking, and tears used to come to my eyes whenever I heard one of our elders recite the movingly beautiful legend of the farmer whose one thousand acres turned into a dust-bowl behind his back while he was filling up forms in quintuplicate, or the grim old chant called "Put it in the Pending, Mr. Riley."

And then—it is seven or eight years ago now—I came to Ireland, and, little

recking of the dangers I was running, settled here.

Perhaps some of you who are so ready to cast the first stone do not fully realize what it means for a person accustomed to the British Way of Life to find himself in an *almost pagan* atmosphere—an environment where many of the natives have hardly heard of Bureaucracy as we know it, let alone practised it. Nor—and this is possibly the most shocking and demoralizing aspect of the situation—do even the Bureaucrats always resist the prevailing laxness. I may tell you that very soon after I came here a Civil Servant in apparently good standing settled over the telephone in a matter of minutes a piece of business which should properly have engaged us in a correspondence lasting at least three months.

Can you wonder that my simple beliefs began to waver? That I began to have doubts, ask questions? And after a time I found myself consorting



"Come, come, sir. Not being re-nominated by your constituency party isn't the end of everything."

with loose types who, after a couple of drinks, would actually jeer at my cherished convictions, treating Bureaucracy lightly, as though it were something outside ordinary life.

At first I stood firm. I didn't, I declared, care what happened over here. I proclaimed my conviction that British Bureaucracy was harassing, bumbling, procrastinating and asking damfool questions with ardour undiminished.

But years slipped by. Nothing happened to confirm me in the dear, traditional beliefs. And after a time I was in little better case than many of my neighbours who, reading stories of bureaucracy in the English newspapers, were wont to dismiss them sneeringly as "old wives' tales" unworthy of modern credence.

And then—it must have been some time in October 1954—something

happened which proved a turning point. I was in London, and two publishers who owed me money rang me up and said a man from the Inland Revenue had come round to see them and told them absolutely not to pay it. And they said "Why not?" and the man said "Because he hasn't paid us his income tax."

You get an idea of the condition I had sunk into when I tell you that what I said to these publishers was "Well, for heaven's sake just get these income-tax bozos on the blower and tell them I've been an Irish resident for about seven years and I don't have to pay British income tax."

The publishers tried to reason with me, but I treated them frivolously, and a couple of weeks later asked why they didn't pay out. After a lot of argument back and forth they said "You must get form K3 from the Irish tax people, and

fill it in, and have the Irish sign it, and send it to your agent over here. Just," they said, "to keep me quiet, "a matter of routine."

I wrote to a man in the city of Cork and asked him to get this Form K3 from the Irish tax people and send it over to me—"Just a simple routine matter," I said. Nothing happened for a fortnight and then I got a pretty conspiratorial letter from him—you'd have thought we were still in the middle of the Troubles and the Tans were after us—saying that he had made inquiries about the matter I had referred to and that in a week or two he hoped to be contacting a certain party who might be trusted, and he would consult this party about Aunt Martha's health.

When I saw him in Cork a couple of weeks later he said the "certain party" he had referred to was a man "high up in the tax department" in Dublin, and probably this man could fix it.

"But there's nothing to fix!" I screamed. "A mere matter of routine. Stands to reason. The English can't expect me to pay taxes to them when I'm living here."

He looked at me sceptically, for he was an Irishman who had retained his faith in the nature^o of British Bureaucracy, and I went round to Government Buildings in Patrick Street to get the form.

How long would it take, I asked, for them to return me the completed form, properly attested and stamped by them? Normally they said, a fortnight. I told them about my frozen funds, explained urgency of situation. In that case, they said, courteously, they would take exceptional steps. After all it was quite a hole to be in, was it not? And they sent K3 back to me, signed and stamped, in three days flat, and I shot the thing off to my Agent in London. We were now in the first week in January.

I let a week or so go by, then wrote to the publishers saying "Exemption signed and delivered, so pay out." At such evidence of paganism they ululated, tore their hair. Didn't I understand that time, *time* was required for the British authorities to pass this Form K3 from hand to hand, perhaps studying it with microscopes to see whether the Irish official stamp on it were forged? How much time? Two weeks—might just possibly be a month.



A. H. THOMPSON

My faith in the Tenets of Bureaucracy was returning, but still weak—as is shown by the fact that after four weeks I really thought the "mere matter of routine" would have been completed. And it was then—on February 4—that F D C 22091 Inspector of Foreign Dividends, Inland Revenue, Kingston By-Pass Road, Surbiton, stepped in to take me by the hand and bring me face to face with those Old Truths once more.

Quite simply, as though the matter had just arisen, he wrote asking me to be "good enough to furnish full particulars of the sources from which the income forming the subject of the claim is derived." Sublime. No silly reference, you notice, to the fact that the Irish, before granting exemption, had been furnished all those particulars long before, no suggestion that where an Irish resident, voter, and tax-payer gets his money from is none of Mr. Surbiton's darn business, Grand, traditional stuff.

I sent him the information, via my agent, who wrote me a letter which at first was rather a blow to my newly-reacquired convictions because it appeared that the agent had actually been able to *telephone* to Mr. Surbiton and "after some difficulty"—why only *some* difficulty? they ought to have made it harder than that—had secured an assurance that the matter would be settled within a day or two.

Despite the shock, I was glad, in a way, because just then the Irish Tax Inspector had come round with his Final Demand Notice. When I asked how I was supposed to pay my Irish taxes when the British were preventing me getting any money, he said "But it's automatic—the moment you get the Form K3 signed by us, they have to pass it. It's what we do when the situation is reversed." I looked at him mournfully—just another unbeliever.

Ten days or a fortnight passed, and then, on March 30, High Priest Surbiton played his revivalist master-stroke. (A beautiful touch was that he now called himself F D C 21909—going *backwards*.) He wrote asking me to "be good enough to state" what was "the address and reference number of H.M. Inspector of Taxes to whom returns were submitted by you whilst resident in the United Kingdom," and—after a couple more trivial queries—to state "the number of days you expect



"It's all right, dear. It's Monday."

to spend in the United Kingdom in the Income Tax year 1955/56, and future years."

Oh boy! I can tell you my faith leaped up and burned with a hard jewel-like flame.

It was with the feelings of a penitent on the way to Mecca that I started to write the letter confessing the amazing fact that after only seven and a half years I could not remember the name, the address, or even the ticket number of that dear old Tax Inspector. (I realized, with a shock, that I had even forgotten the address of the grocer I went to at that time, although the grocer was a man I had actually seen.)

After so humiliating a confession, I felt I must do something to rehabilitate myself. I must answer the last question

in detail, restraining the impulse to state baldly that I hoped, in the circumstances, gradually to reduce the number of days spent in the United Kingdom to Nil.

Just how many days do I expect to spend there in 1975, at the age of seventy-one? In this stable, well-ordered world, it seems crazily, almost criminally, irresponsible not to know.

77

"Mr. Barrett said his client was only 20 years old and, apart from one minor conviction, he had not been in trouble before. Supt. Kelly, Mallow, said accused's upbringing had not been good. He had spent some time in England."

The Cork Examiner
Discretion of Court exercised.

Marriage à la Mode

By R. G. G. PRICE

DEAR MADGE,—I am surprised you accepted him. Wild flowers in the Home Counties does not sound a very paying line to me, not when you think of what some of the husband-and-wife teams are raking in. Doris and Claud just laze on the beach at home and if they want to pay a bill they take a cine-camera with them while they laze and whenever any birds fly overhead they film them. Then, Maud and Bill have signed up for filming Junior. They're going to take one a month of him for the next ten years, so that he can develop in public. Really, Madge, why did you ever turn down Jack? I know there was a good deal of him missing but nobody came out better in a frontispiece and you always looked well in a topee. That devil-may-care way of yours would have gone well with alligators.

'This Howard won't take you up into the big money ever unless you make up his mind to, say, a month's hardship a year. You could probably make enough what with films, TV, books and serial rights out of going over waterfalls in barrels, and that would take only a few minutes. All the rest could be lazing about in lovely country getting ready and then recovering a bit in lovely

country lower down. Niagara would be just a start, a beginner's run. There are most likely waterfalls wherever there are rivers and mountains. There are the Victoria Falls in Africa and the differences between Africa and the United States-Canadian border would need thousands of words to drive right home to the reader.

The barrel would have to be big enough to hold two and there would be some publicity there about living or dying together. I reckon you could find waterfalls in Tibet and then there would be the additional interest of Communists trying to stop what you were doing, which would make it democratic, wouldn't it? Soon I reckon there will be the Moon opened up to husband-and-wife teams, and I should think there would be plenty of unused waterfalls there, though I can never remember what I read in Science Fiction and perhaps their water doesn't have any oxygen in it or runs uphill or something. However, Howard does not sound the type.

Len and I are going on a walking tour from Land's End next month. What with getting really photogenic aqua-lungs and selecting shark bait and brushing up our Roman ceramics we are in a terrible rush. We reckon that in four days' hard walking we can get enough material to keep us in a luxury hotel for four months. If we could wheel Poppet with us we could get enough for six months; but she will keep throwing things out of the pram and we should always be trying to dredge toys out of the silt. Of course we shall spend the nights on board the escort vessel, unless we can find a conveniently sited wreck with the hammocks still intact, though fish wake you up in the night worse than rats.

If you insist on sticking to Wild Flowers you could at least combine it with having a young chimpanzee as one of the family. There

could be a gag about this Howard preferring it to you and buying it hats and giving it titbits at meals; if you have titbits. I can't remember any. You could take it over waterfalls with you.

You remember my sister Denise? She's married a man from a bank called Max and they are cycling across deserts with an escort caravan for the film technicians, etc. While they are working over the material at home, they spend two days a week demonstrating and criticizing Flower Arrangements. That's what I like about Denise, plenty of initiative. Their next trip they are going to take a good-looking Swede along and have her break up the marriage and then have people reconciling them on TV and all the divorce proceedings televised right round till they immediately remarry.

They are always planning ahead, and next year they begin to nurse adjoining constituencies. Max will be a Tory rebel and Denise a Labour rebel; once you are in good with the Whips no agent will take you on his books. They are making a beginning by arguing politics while they do their Flower Arrangements on TV. If there were only Colour TV they could do red Flower Arrangements for the Labour Home Beautiful and blue Flower Arrangements for the Tory Home Beautiful. I suppose later they will have to have a Liberal as neutral chairman and they could do yellow Flower Arrangements for him.

Uncle and Aunty Fitzclarence ask to be remembered to you. They are working on a series about spreading Morris Dancing in the Gobi.

Do buck up and make something of your marriage.

Love,
IVY.

P.S.—By the way, if you are wondering about my birthday present, I should love a TV make-up pack.

6 6

"To interview Harry Dawson at home in his three-roomed London flat is an interesting but distracting experience. A dachshund, two poodles, a Siamese cat, and Harry's seven-year-old daughter Lesley, practising ballet steps, compete vigorously for the visitor's attention."—*Radio Times*

Any of them sing at all?



"You'd think he'd move over and make room for a younger man."

Everybody's Reading :

*Miss Dymphna Budd chats
on what's new in books*

"IT isn't only egg-heads that like a bit of real print nowadays," a young chap said as I parcelled his purchase, *The Sectional Greenhouse Assembler's Companion* (Medusa Press, 3/6) and hurried off to sell *A Hundred Views of the Palace Windows* (Goodhart, 10/-) to Grandma Leaper. His remark set me thinking what nonsense this talk is about comic strips, broken homes, TV and illiteracy causing people to read nothing but rubbish! Why, I believe that the crowds who throng my little bookshop *cum* library at 82 Market Street, Upper Mandible, are reading more good literature than ever. There is so much to choose from in this modern world!

Our current best-seller here is *The Radio Quips Anthology* (Deadpan Books, 1/9), all profits to the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund, to which Ted Ray, "Archie," the Lyons, A. G. Street and many others have contributed whole pages of verbatim script; but close behind comes *Is God Angry?* by Sid Gristle (Cheerble Bros., 18/6). "Sainty" Sid is, of course, the Rochdale-born preacher-guitarist now electrifying America on a whirlwind tour. If (like me) you find it modern and exciting to "believe," then you will be thrilled by the serious side of this work—the behind-the-scenes history of Sid's great song, "I'm Going Somewhere With God Beside Me"—(did you know he composed the tune in twenty minutes on a rubber band stretched round a chocolate-box lid?)—or the graphs analyzing week-by-week converts in income groups, or the chapter on myxomatosis and the H-bomb with its appeal to rabbit-lovers. But there is plenty to interest ordinary folk in this rousing tale of provincial prayer-halls, "digs", grease-paint, ovations in Bootle and flops in Pontypridd—all the ups and downs of a real trouper to whom, in his own words, "there's no business like show business."

Have you ever wondered why Rachel Carbon sometimes wears glasses when she appears in "What's the Difference?" on your TV screen? My customers are flocking to find the answer in *On and Off the Panel* (Ditch and Dyke, 15/-), the third of her autobiographical volumes. At last she reveals the secret—

she has been slightly short-sighted since childhood! Frankly she tells of her gallant fight against this disability—putting on her glasses when she wants to see things, having a spare pair made exactly to match, remembering to take them off when she goes for a swim—the whole vivid story is most movingly told. There are witty anecdotes, too, as you might expect from Rachel! I laughed most at the one about the announcer who was just going to read the news when he realized that the "mike" wasn't switched on!

But it isn't all fun, as Rachel points out. In a compact Appendix she gives a list of her charges. For instance:

Opening Charity Bazaars

80 gns. and expenses.

Advertising Shampoos

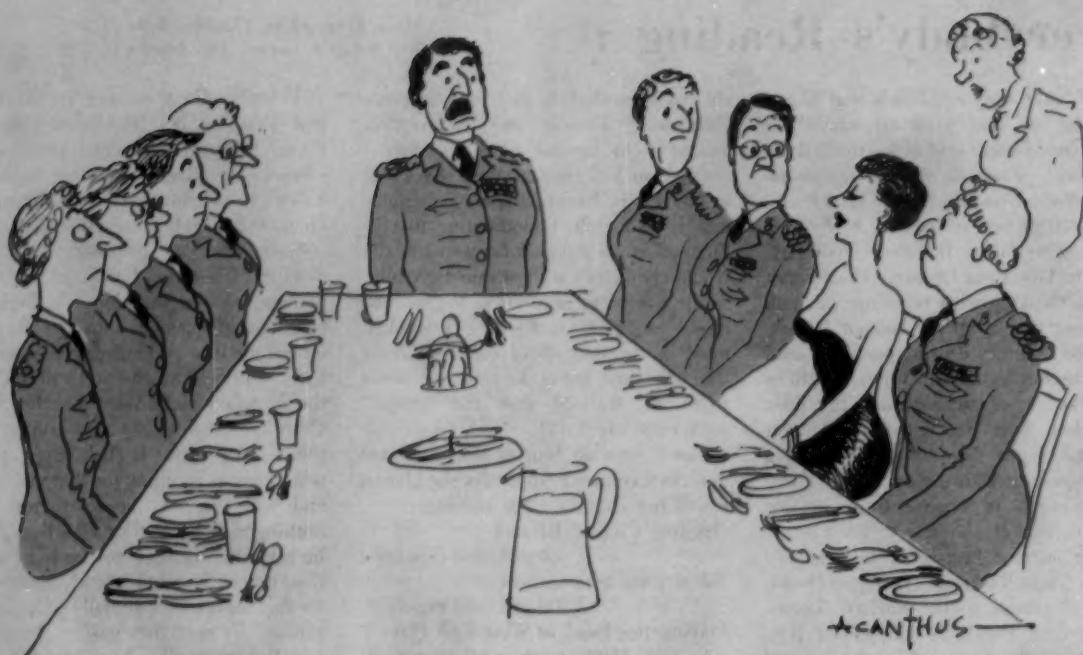
2,500 gns. and expenses.

Playing the Lead in West End Plays

£500 a week and 2 per cent of the Gross. (Singing extra).

There's quite a waiting-list for *Space and You*, by Ben Robinson (Onward Press, 12/6)—a fact which puzzled me when I glanced at the opening pages, for I thought everyone in Upper Mandible knew the weight, composition, atmospheric content, possible vegetation, distance from the Earth, etc., of the planets, not to mention the logistical problems of space-stations and the take-off potential of present-day high-octane fuels. But read on and you will find that the Secretary of the West Stackley Space Club has much to say that is new. He tells us that space is shrinking rapidly, while time is receding (or "expanding") and will one day be so remote that nothing will happen at all—though, as he remarks, we may not be here to see this, unless time has already receded so far that we are now actually living in the future, if not the past. However, Mr. Robinson gives hope by suggesting that if we really want to conquer space





"And what is your story, Miss Lafontaine?"

in spite of everything we can do it by wishing ourselves to the places we want to visit; with his new physio-telepathic discoveries, he says, it will soon be easy for anyone to reach the outermost planets in a trice. He has an intriguing chapter on neo-astrology—i.e. how space-emigrants will have their pasts accurately predicted by the movements of the Earth they have quitted, and shows how by achieving inner harmony it is perfectly possible to breathe in a vacuum—but I mustn't spoil the book by giving away too much! There are some nice photos, including one of Mr. Robinson in a paper hat at the Club's annual dinner, and the punctuation is particularly good.

Thinning Without Tears (Home Medico Publications, 5/-) is selling very well—even, I notice, to people who are thin already—and *Is Your Budgie Moulting?* (from the same publishers, at 1/-) is doing even better. But then both books are delightfully written, with flashes of real common sense. A heavier work, and one which I was indeed a little nervous of ordering, is *The Eamonn Andrews Birthday Book* (Andrews, Ltd., 25/-), but I am glad to say that sales have been excellent, while

my library copy has already more than its share of thumb prints and gravy splashes! Two more winners, *Are We Radioactive?* and *How to Think* (Learnalot Library, 9d. each) are welcome additions to this popular series written by famous footballers, and handy for the pocket. Often a customer will pop in from the bus-shelter to buy one of these little works.

What else are we reading in Upper Mandible? There is a nicely illustrated book called, I think, *Agrotids, Geometers and the Hawk Moths*, which is going like hot cakes among the kiddies; while for the over-sixties there is the always-popular "Now Get Cracking" series. *Now Get Cracking on Poultry* and *Now Get Cracking on Palmistry* are both doing well. I should like to say something about *Underwater Canasta Made Easy* (Sportway, 3/6), but the rest of my space must go to that outstanding work, *I Chose Vanilla*, by A. Smith (Duckenfeld, 15/-). As I was saying to old Mrs. Hammond only yesterday, for those who missed the film, the serial in the *Sunday Dragnet*, the radio adaptation and the Smith Exhibition in the Festival Hall, here is the full story of how Mr. Smith tunneled his way out of

a prison camp in Europe, clubbed nine foreigners to death in his dash for freedom, sailed half-way round the world in a small bath to prove that the Easter Island statues came by coracle from Galway, negotiated the oil concession with King Wazih IV, dug up a new pyramid, joined a Communist cell in Bexhill, went on a lecture-tour of the U.S. in a false beard, was deported, bought atom secrets from a Russian spy on the steps of the Athenaeum, disappeared behind the Iron Curtain, tunneled his way out of Poland, repented, became a Conservative and a Trappist, tunneled his way out of a monastery, married three heiresses, flew under Hammersmith Bridge in a glider, and woke up one morning to find that he was not a gentleman but a lady. Here is a born writer who can make the daily round quite fascinating.

And lastly, taking a tiny peep ahead, I foresee some exciting summer reading for Upper Mandible! *With the Immortals*, by F. Marion Crawford, is to be reissued in a cheap edition, and I am ordering 5,000 copies of what is evidently an early but characteristic work by this wonderful Royal governess.

ALEX ATKINSON AND ANDE

An Englishman's Home

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE news having been crowded out of the papers by the hydrogen bomb and pictures of Marilyn Monroe, the world at large is unaware that I am trying to let my flat for the summer. Now it can be told.

The flat in question is what is known in the trade as a duplex penthouse apartment—on the top floor of a Park Avenue building with a broad terrace outside it—and I had always thought rather highly of it till American Womanhood came to inspect it with a view to summer rental.

Women looking for flats in New York may be divided roughly into three classes—A, B, and C. Class A, the one of which I see most, is distant in its manner. Its eye is bleak. It moves from point to point with a faint look of disgust on its face, and all it ever says is "Yes - s - s." There is also a sub-species that says "H'm" and I have sometimes, if my ears did not deceive me, caught the word "Ugh!" but these are technicalities which need not detain us. Broadly speaking, all Class A American wives, when inspecting flats, say "Yes - s - s." It is a long drawn-out sound, midway between a groan and a sigh, indicative of heaviness of spirit.

The visitor, if belonging to Class A, starts saying it when she enters my study, which is on the lower floor. Seeing my typewriter on the desk, she recoils, and I explain that I am an author. She draws in her breath sharply. "Yes - s - s," she says, and I know what is in her mind. The admission has given the whole affair a touch of bohemian squalor. Authors, of course, are also God's creatures, but . . . well, you know how one feels. She is convinced now that she is slumming.

This conviction grows as we mount the stairs and she trips over Bill the foxhound, who is in his club on the first landing. It is as though she had come into an Irish shanty and stubbed her toe on the pig. I can understand and sympathize to a certain extent. Bill is a pearl among dogs, but what he needs to show him off is the wide open country. On the stairs of a New York flat he strikes a raffish note, especially when, as now, he is chewing a large bone.

I try to pass him off.

"Our foxhound," I say.

She says "Yes - s - s."

"Splendid dog. Angelic disposition."

"Yes - s - s."

"I don't know what he is doing with that bone, though. He knows quite well that we have a gentleman's agreement that all bones must be wrestled with on the terrace. This is the terrace," I say, as we come to the top of the stairs, pointing through the french windows. "Wonderful view."

"Yes - s - s."

"But you ought to see it at night."

"Yes - s - s."

"It's amazingly quiet up here at night. Not a sound. You would never know you were in New York," I say, trying—unsuccessfully—to keep a mendicant whine out of my voice.

She says "Yes - s - s."

The bleak eye is now roving about the sitting-room, and I note with horror that it—the sitting-room—has begun to shrink like the pit in Edgar Allan Poe's *The Pit and the Pendulum*. I could swear that when I got up this morning it was quite a decent size, but now it is more like a cupboard than a room and getting smaller every minute. Shabbier, too. This morning there was a Chippendale table over in the corner for which I have been offered two thousand dollars, but not a sign to be seen of it now. It has apparently ducked behind the armchair with the shiny arms and the stuffing working through the seat. And at this moment Bill the foxhound joins us, bone in mouth. The whole effect is that of a tenement occupied by a Porto Rican family in reduced circumstances.

"Yes - s - s," says the visitor.

Eventually she leaves. There is a moment of hesitation at the front door. She is wondering if it would not be a kindly act to press some small coin into my hand. She decides against this. I might spend it on drink.

"Yes - s - s," she says, and is gone.

Half an hour later a representative of Class B arrives. A charming woman

accompanied by her husband. She goes into ecstasies over the terrace. She thinks my study cunning and the sitting-room cute. She wanders about with joyful little cries of "This would be Emmy's room" and "We can put Philip in here." She could scarcely show more enthusiasm if she were seeing the Taj Mahal for the first time by moonlight.

It doesn't mean a thing. I know it and she knows it. It is merely her way of saying "Yes - s - s." But in what a glow it puts me! I am perfectly aware that that room hasn't a dog's chance of ever being Emmy's or that other one Philip's, but what of that? My self-respect has been restored and I can look the world in the face again with my chin up. Heaven bless Class B, and if Class A cares to take a running jump into the Hudson River, preferably with a pound of lead in each side pocket, it will in the deepest sense be all right with me.

We need not discuss Class C, consisting of those who actually take flats for the summer. I believe it to be non-existent.

 2 2

You Too Can Live Excitingly

"Ursula Bloom's heroines cannot boast a more bizarre . . . biography than her own. Daughter of a parson and protégée of Marie Corelli, she spent her girlhood at Stratford-on-Avon, privately publishing her first book at seven . . . By her early twenties she was already a widow with one son, and in 1925 she married her present husband . . . Miss Bloom is now known by nearly one hundred titles, her needlework . . . and her articles about face-lifting."

Evening Standard



Ring Craft

By CHARLES REID

WHERE, what and when to eat are as important as who's singing Mime and Alberich, the only lovable characters in the entire *Ring* apart from Grane the Horse, a rare starter anyway, because you've got to have him lump-sugared, snaffled, cosseted and generally jollied while on the job by somebody qualified; and a guinea a night groom, even one picked by the Council of the Hackney Horse Society, always looks like a groom, all mewsy and spry, and never like a Gibichung, however many horned helmets and wolfskin dolmans you may try on him.

But as I was saying: about Food. *Ring* shows, with us again this month of May, generally start at six—too early for eating among the civilized. Manumission is around eleven, which, for all but Spaniards and night-club managers, is too late. However, there are two intervals, each of twenty minutes, for snatch-as-snatch-can. Into the crush bar, then, if you know what you're about and really must.

You stand three deep, anxiously creasing and uncreasing your pound notes, for plates of ham, chicken and greenery. You use your fork both as

knife and spear. Deftly does it. Deftly is the only thing that could. Because you have five pounds of Schott miniature score, *Die Walküre*, pinned under your left elbow as you eat, eleven hundred and sixty two dog-eared pages of it and one of the backs hanging loose. Your wife is fumbling in your hip pocket for cigarettes and in your waistcoat pocket for your lighter.

The place is smoke-hazed, glittering, packed and loud. You tread on brocade trains and silver toecaps. The talk around you is a mosaic; some of the bits have cutting edges. Not to worry. People are only being cruel to be unkind.

"Odd thing about Hunding is that he wears a black beard and, dammit, his voice, no matter who's singing, always sounds like a black beard." "Who's the man over there with the big, big smile? Now what does that smile remind me of? Wait. Yes, I've got it. A lighthouse lamp. It's circular. It revolves." "Why, that's Uncle Cheeryble himself, man who runs the place, David-from-whom-all-blessings-flow-Webster." "Really? I had imagined something wizened, weak and worried. All those slings and arrows and raging critics and touchy

singers, I mean. But he looks as if the whole thing were a delicious joke. Is it?" "There's been no Sieglinde since Lotte Lehmann, no Waltraute since Olszewka, no Siegfried since Jean de Reszke (Melchior?—well, perhaps), no Kurwenal since Jannsen, no Wotan since Schorr." "Since Bockelmann, you mean." "All right, then, since Schorr and Bockelmann. Will some kind person please tell me why we trouble to come to the Garden any more?" "There's George Harewood, the Penitent Apprentice. How desperately healthy he looks." "Why Penitent Apprentice?" "Because George once edited *Opera* mag. As a

critic he sjamboked the Garden once a month. Told the Garden how opera really should be produced. One day he hung up his sjambok and joined Garden Admin. And now the Garden's telling him." "I see. So that accounts for the perpetual blush on the dear boy's face."

Twenty minutes of this is more than enough for you, perhaps. In that case, next night of the cycle, you sprint after first curtain along Floral Street to the Nag's Head, hoping to beat the field to its marble counter for Stilton and a glass of burgundy. Or you find yourself a place at a corner table and refresh your scant German by looking over the libretto for the next act. There are Edwardian editions of Wagner's text, the pages red-edged like prayer books, with ravishing English cribs interleaved. Jameson is good, H. and F. Corder better. You read out bits to your table companions. For instance, Alberich to Wotan in defence of his property rights (Corders' version):

Eye and ear,
Hand and head
Are not mine more wholly
Than is this ruddy ring.

Or Brünnhilde, irresponsibly, to Wotan when she spots Fricka coming with attendant thunder-clouds to give All-Father a piece of her spously mind (Jameson):

Take firmly thy stand in the storm—
I leave thee with mirth in the lurch!—
Hojojotoho! Hojojotoho!
Heiha! Heiha!
Hahei! Hahei! Hojohei!

One difference between the Corders and Jameson is that the Corders turn Hojojotoho into Hoyotoho, Hojohei into Hoyohoi and the whole thing from Teutonic mythology into a Hessel Tiltman cable on feeling in the Japanese Diet about the offshore islands and Formosan defence, Prince Hoyotoho, as is well known, having contended all along that the fortified isthmus of Hoyohoi is ethnographically Nipponee down to the last oyobane pitch and no more an enclave of Wahnfried than a contrabassposaune has to do with a bull's foot.

We laugh superiorly about all this until an old man with sandals and a polo-neck sweater puts down his beer, knocks the ash out of his raucous pipe



and asks witheringly whether any of us ever tried his hand at turning a Wagner libretto into English, eh? Evidently not, because the whites of our eyes are no worse than off-white and our left ears don't twitch uncontrollably.

We sense the professional in this sandalled ancient and are quelled. In the operatic sense there is no long bar more professional than that of the Nag's Head. Look at the old playbills pasted round its cast-iron pillars. Look at the theatrical engravings on its walls: enough to make Collector Beard smoulder and flame with envy if Collector Beard were a mean man, which he is not. Every interval sees twenty orchestral players with their elbows on the mahogany and off-duty singers in full fig on high stools being selectively sweet about their rivals. ("Of course she has it in her, I said that from the start. All she needs is a new teacher, new production method, new outlook, new agent, new friends, new clothes, *perhaps* new teeth, certainly a new husband, and, just you see, that rather squalid upper register of hers will rise and shine and we shall all be, oh, so happy.")

Brünnhilde's dressing-room is just over the way. After *Walküre* Act II you hear her trueing up those Hojotohos in readiness for Act III. Before *Siegfried*, Act III, she hones her voice on the love duet, choosing such extrovert bits as *Heil euch, Götter! Heil dir, Welt!* hello gods, hello everybody.

The sandalled ancient has begun to tell of the first *Siegfried* dragon he saw. Twelve feet long, six feet high. Mouth opened, teeth clashed, nostrils dilated, tongue darted in and out. Eyelids worked on lines. When eyelids came up, eyes switched on automatically, ruby bulb in each, electric batteries under ears. Two men worked inside on danger money. Four steam pipes ran from a boiler under the stage—one to each nostril, one under the tongue, one over it. To give the idea the dragon was breathing fire, see? If a pipe burst (once one did) you were a screaming hospital case. But who could hear screams through that Wagnerian din, sixty-four strings and five of everything else? Why, on a *Ring* night, the roof could fall in without anybody noticing.

He muses with a bitter eye and scratches his chest. But Brünnhilde has stopped practising. The orchestral

men take their elbows off the counter and disappear in brisk knots. That is a signal. We, too, must go. Five minutes later the house-lights fade, the preludial music begins, discs of light from pencil torches slide over miniature scores here and there, somebody in the stalls circle gives a bellowing cough, hundreds frown in unseen reproof . . . Well, we're in for another eighty minutes of it. At times we shall be bored. So bored that we shall divert ourselves *in extremis* as children do, by looking at the stage through the wrong end of our opera-glasses. But we shall come to the *Ring* next year. And the year after that, world without end, poor, possessed creatures that we are. Unless, of course, we find some way of casting Wagner out. Is there an exorcist in the house?

2 2

"In fact, it was a disappointment especially in a week when the Light Programme resented 'A Festival of Dance Music' featuring all those who followed the trail blazed by Henry in the 1930s."

Radio review

Leave resentment to the listener, please.



"You go straight up the stairs, then keep turning left."

History Without Rancour

By H. F. ELLIS

BIAS has always bedevilled history. Tacitus was about as uncharitable to the early Roman emperors as Gibbon was to the early Christian Church. Froude worshipped Henry VIII and Freeman had a thing about Teutonism. Mommsen bowed his head uncritically before power and success, and Macaulay couldn't stand Marlborough. Papist and Protestant, Whig and Tory, Cavalier and Roundhead, haters of Pericles and lovers, for all I know, of Anne of Cleves—history is full of historians who couldn't keep their personal predilections out of it.

This weakness, which alone makes history readable and leads to such picturesque phrases (often used about archbishops) as "cruel and bloody-minded bigot," is none the less reprehensible; and most reprehensible of all is the bias that has its roots in national pride. The tendency to write "But for the loss, at a critical phase of the battle, of fifteen men-of-war, the skill and valour of the English would not have gone unrewarded" annoys the French or the Dutch, who feel that their contribution to our defeat has not been properly emphasized, and their historians counter by praising Villeneuve or Van Tromp in terms which we in our turn find difficulty in accepting with composure. A balanced account of the affair, acceptable to all parties, is not easily come by.

The difficulty is one that UNESCO, in its tireless way, has long had under review. Now, "after working on it for

two years" (I quote the *Daily Express*), the Organization has produced, at its headquarters in Paris, some kind of publication on the subject. About the precise form of this publication, even about its title, information is sadly lacking. The *Express* item is a little vague and off-hand; indeed, it has a derogatory air that, in an historian, would be called prejudice. The London office of UNESCO knows nothing about it whatever, except that such a thing exists—and even that they got from the item in the *Express*. One can only deduce that, whatever it is that UNESCO has brought out, it must be of a tentative, an embryonic nature, little more, perhaps, than an outline scheme, and probably written in French at that. Had the Organization actually issued a rewritten History of the World, it is not too much to say that their London office would have heard of it.

So it may not be too late to offer a word of advice to UNESCO on how to set about their task when they really get down, as seems unavoidable, to rewriting history in a way guaranteed to give satisfaction to all parties. To tell the exact truth is no solution, for the exact truth is rarely ascertainable and, even if it were, would be unlikely to give general satisfaction. There remain two sharply contrasted alternatives. One is to take the best view of everybody on all occasions, to impute equal wisdom and sincerity to opposing statesmen and their generals, equal valour to their armies, an indistinguishable core of solid common sense and stubborn fortitude to the rival populaces at home. Thus:

"The voyage of the great Spanish Armada reflected credit alike on the patient determination of Philip and the far-sighted statesmanship of Elizabeth, no less than on the professional skill of Medina Sidonia and Drake, the ardour of the common seamen, and the steadfastness of the peoples of both nations as they watched, calm-eyed, the progress of the great ships from the Tagus to Ferrol, from Ferrol to the Lizard, from the Lizard to Calais, and thence north-about almost beyond the limits of the charted seas. The return of no fewer than fifty ships to Corunna proved to the world that a Spanish fleet, heavily laden with stores, inconvenienced by a persistent enemy in the Channel,

stricken with pestilence and harassed by storms of unprecedented violence, could yet attempt, and attempt successfully, the hazardous north-west passage of the British Isles—a feat which even Julius Cesar, for all his pluck, never contemplated. As to the exemplary conduct of the English . . ."

I do not, on the whole, recommend this plan. Despite its surface attractions, it seems likely (such is the cynicism of the general reader) that a history rewritten on these lines would fail to command belief. Moreover, if all the virtues are to be attributed to our ancestors, mankind's hopes of doing better in the future will inevitably be dimmed. It seems preferable to take the opposite course and achieve the abolition of bias by a policy of uniform denigration:

"While Wellington had been busy draining away the strength of England in the Peninsula, Napoleon had been prosecuting, with equal success, the destruction of the flower of his armies in the wastes of Poland and Russia. But now, for the first time, the two dunderheads met face to face at Waterloo, where their ridiculous combinations ensured from the start a clash of almost indescribable confusion. It is related that Napoleon, when he caught sight of the English rabble grouped together in perfect artillery-target formation on a low rise between Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, cried out with characteristic vulgarity "I have them!" (*Je les ai*), forgetting in his egomaniac frenzy that his own troops were to a man the brainless boneheads who still had confidence in a commander responsible for the Moscow debacle. It was not to be expected that an encounter between two such flocks of sheep, under such discredited shepherds, should have any recognizable result. But meanwhile, that old fool Blucher . . ."

Not least of the many advantages of a History rewritten in this manner is that there would be no lack of practitioners with the necessary experience to write it.

6 6

Cont-Turning Latest

"CONSERVATIVE HOPE OF MODEST GAIN
Mr. Bevan Applies for Party Whip."
Sunday Times





In the City

Food Facts

MUSSOLINI used to maintain that the British were gluttons, idle plutocrats stuffing themselves with four square meals a day. He was led astray no doubt by the conventional picture of John Bull as a red-faced, beef-eating squire, and by the English practice—when abroad—of insisting on bacon and eggs for breakfast.

The truth is that we are only moderate eaters by Western standards. Our consumption of meat is ludicrously small when compared with the king-size steaks and sizzling platters of the U.S.A., and our intake of protein is still lower than the amount recommended by the experts in nutrition. A fairer portrait of John Bull would depict a lean-jawed animal subsisting on potatoes, baked beans, boiled sweets, chocolate and ice cream.

For the investor who likes to play safe there is nothing quite so reliable as the shares listed under "Food and Groceries." People eat and drink every day, in boom, slump and recession, and they eat roughly the same amount of food and the same kinds of food from decade to decade. The facts published in the recent Economic Survey reveal that British eating habits have changed very little during the last quarter of a century—in spite of war, rationing, the introduction of food "substitutes" and a wholesale redistribution of the national income. We now eat less fish, fruit, butter, bread and meat and fewer vegetables than in the 'thirties, and we consume more potatoes, more margarine and more milk and milk-products. But the changes are not very marked except in the case of milk (5·3 pints per head per week in 1954 compared with 3·9 pints in the period 1934-38) and potatoes (67·9 oz. per head per week in 1954 compared with 56·0 oz.)

Our feeding habits are so conservative that our demand for particular foods remains almost constant in spite of quite dramatic movements in price. Tea and sugar are expensive—three times as dear as before the war, yet we consume

slightly more of both: eggs and bacon, on the other hand, are now relatively cheap (dirt cheap at only twice the price they were in 1939) and our demand for them has remained steady.

Fatter pay-packets have not meant more meat: we have acquired something of America's remarkable interest in the so-called fashionable cuts, in steaks and chops, and prefer a little of what we fancy to twice as much of what we don't.

Where are higher housekeeping allowances spent? Well, in 1954 we bought some £300 million of sweets and ice-cream, and helped to swell the dividends declared by businesses operating in these markets. The nation's consumption of sweets at half a pound per head per week is now the largest in the world and is substantially higher than before the

war. There are many new producers in this profitable field and dealings in their Ordinary shares have been bullish ever since the end of rationing.

A goodly slice of our expenditure on food now goes to manufacturers of processed foods—canned this, packed that, frozen these and ready-mixed those, and our appetite for such comestibles is growing rapidly. One would like, perhaps, to think that this latest development in our eating habits is unlikely to be permanent, that some day we shall all return to the farmhouse cookery enjoyed by the Victorians and Edwardians. But in an egalitarian society addicted to TV and gadgets and bereft of its domestic servants the way back is not likely to be easy.

MAMMON



In the Country

Pan is Calling

THIS is the season of genuine panic. The fever is acute; it's the same every May. The whole of Devon and Cornwall and parts of Wales and Somerset are affected. Any visitor would assume that the population had gone crazy. He would be right.

This madness does not come upon us gradually. We go berserk all of a sudden. And it's the same every year. One or two fine days together at the end of April are all that is needed to set us off, and by early May we're in a perfect frenzy.

The first symptom of the disease is an irresistible urge to borrow a ladder. Unfortunately this urge overcomes twenty people in the village simultaneously. Squabbles ensue, for it is impossible for twenty people to minister to their fetish when there are only three ladders available: a certain degree of frustration is inevitable and that is not lessened when the next symptom appears in the form of a compulsion to find your old brush, or failing that to buy a new one.

Usually, you unearth your old brush in the coal cellar where it was thrown

down last year, the bristles hard and caked. Your neighbour has found his in a similar condition. For the next few days, he watches you and you observe him: both hoping that the other will buy the new brush that you can eventually borrow.

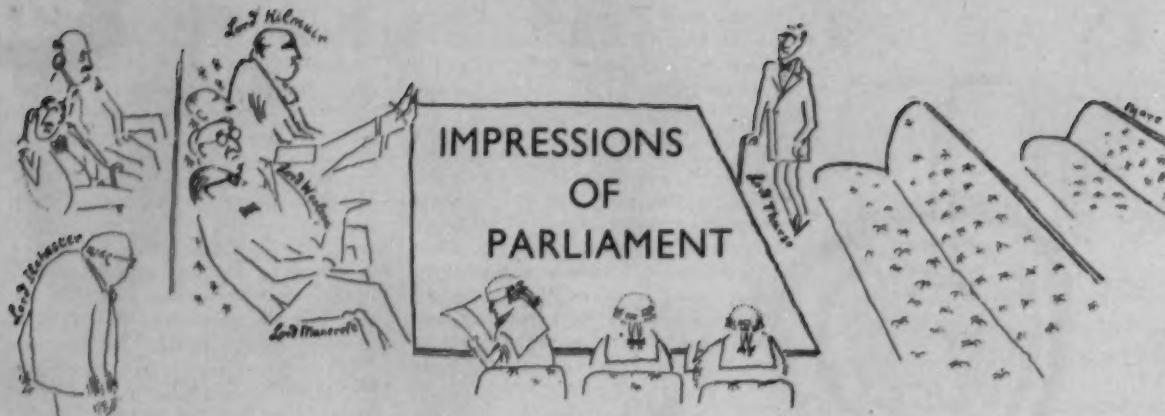
These difficulties impose something which looks like restraint upon the village. But it is only temporary. And once the first cottage in the village glares in its fresh coat of whitewash nothing can stop everybody from following suit.

Within twenty-four hours every garden contains a cauldron of burnt lime slaking. Some of us add a bag of blue, others put in lumps of tallow to make the wash adhere. But, whatever the method, the mess is the same. There is whitewash on the window panes and in our hair, and those of us who invest in a spraying machine manage to do even more damage.

Like genuine maniacs, none of us will admit our madness. If you ask the vicar why he is daubing the Vicarage he will tell you that whitewash helps to preserve the plaster. The pub frankly admits that it is good for business, as everybody expects Devon inns to be thatched, whitewashed and tarred at the base. The Hall are doing it because the Grange have done it, and I because it is good for my spleen. But these are all just excuses.

The real reason is one we will not mention. It is that somewhere about 700 A.D. the notion was formulated in these parts that whitewash effectively excluded Pan from entry. Since when, sheer panic has reigned.

RONALD DUNCAN



Monday, April 25

Before beginning the second reading of the Finance Bill, the House heard from Mr. IAIN

House of Commons: MACLEOD a statement about the Finance Bill

new anti-polio vaccine. It was interesting to watch the faces of the Members most vigilant about cruelty to animals as the question was raised whether enough monkeys could be supplied for the vaccine to be prepared from their kidneys. ("Prepared from the kidneys of dead monkeys," Mr. MACLEOD had said carefully.) Plenty of people were found to protest when monkeys were, presumably for the ultimate good of mankind, shot up in rockets. Who will be the first to complain of the sacrifice of monkeys for the eradication of poliomyelitis?

Poor Mr. HENRY BROOKE, who had already shown how hard it was for him to infuse any sparkle into his account of the Budget proposals, now had to undergo the ordeal again in the name of the Finance Bill. His most memorable observation was his last: "The Budget will make life more worth while for everybody (*pause*) who pays income tax"—a remark that caused great joy among the Opposition and will be quoted on many a platform between May 6 and May 26.

Mr. CALLAGHAN began with a foul. The case he brought up of the pensioner whose dependent's pension was to be cut because her old-age pension was to be raised was nothing to do with the Budget and nothing to do with the Chancellor; it was, in fact, tear-jerking of the unkindest kind. But actually Mr. BUTLER, who at once rose and promised that the case should be investigated, probably gained a point from it by his ready sympathy and his refusal to be drawn. After a brief

debate, Sir EDWARD BOYLE, a future Prime Minister if ever there was one, wound up the proceedings in an attractively-delivered speech; the second reading was accorded without a division; and the House went on to consider the National Insurance (No. 2) Bill, but not for long. This got a second reading after a quarter of an hour, and the motion for the adjournment was made at half past eight.

Tuesday, April 26

One of the more endearing things about peers as a rule is the innocent pleasure (born, no

House of Lords: doubt in the Succession No Success
House of Commons: Hons.' cupboard
Education

they take in being

peers. Lord STANSGATE's motion to enable his son to renounce this joy was therefore not very sympathetically received in their Lordships' House, in spite of the *cachet* given to his cause by the production of a letter in support of it from Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL. That eminent lawyer Earl JOWITT said that "no great principle would be infringed" if young Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN continued to be Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN, M.P. for Bristol, South-east, after Lord STANSGATE's death; but that eminent lawyer Lord KILMUIR thought that "a great and serious constitutional issue was involved." So noble Lords were able to follow their personal prejudices, with the result that Lord STANSGATE's bill was rejected. By and large, the voting discovered sympathy for Mr. BENN on the Left, less on the Right, Labour peers tending in general to think that a peerage is a device for strengthening the Labour vote in the Upper House, while Tory peers know that it is a reward from God for having been born.

The Opposition chose education as

the topic for their eleventh Supply Day in the Commons. Miss BACON said early in her speech that she "knew what it was like to teach classes of thirty or forty infants," and there were moments when one felt that she sometimes still imagined herself in that position. She devoted a large part of her remarks to a plea for "comprehensive schools"; when Sir DAVID ECCLES replied to her, he confessed himself very dubious over the advantages of these monstrous establishments, which makes it hard to understand why he is willing to allow plans for them to go ahead—as, for instance, in Chelsea—in places where local opinion is almost unanimously against them.

Wednesday, April 27

Apparently the supply of "Tales from the Crypt" and so on had failed completely in

House of Lords: their Lordships' Horror Comics
House of Commons: library, for not a Machtpolitik comic was to be

seen during the committee stage of the "Horror Comics Bill," and argument was confined to discussing the terms in which the Bill was drawn. Earl JOWITT explained concisely what was meant by the *ejusdem generis* rule, and went on, rather astonishingly, to argue that there was no such thing as a newspaper which consisted "wholly or mainly of stories told by pictures of an undesirable character." Even more astonishingly, Lord WINTERTON claimed that a book and a magazine had nothing in common at all. But their Lordships were not very tenacious of their arguments, and with one amendment withdrawn and one accepted, the committee stage came to an end in time for afternoon tea.

There was a flare-up in the Commons over the thirty-two Opposition amendments to Clause 2 of the Finance Bill,

of which Sir CHARLES MACANDREW, the Chairman, proposed to call only ten. Dr. DALTON, employing the words "constitutional outrage," moved to report progress, but the Chairman was having none of that. The Opposition then tried to cast the blame on the Chancellor, but the Chairman wasn't having any of that either. ("The Chancellor may think an amendment is in order when I think differently, but the extraordinary thing is that I am the one who wins.") There were cries from the Labour benches of "Gag!" "Diktat!" and "Soviet!" and Dr. DALTON, smiling mirthlessly, called out "Set the Reichstag on fire!"—an exclamation that seemed to cause some amusement at the time, but which does not stand up very well to close examination.

After it all, the debate fizzled out at eight o'clock.

Thursday, April 28

Mr. SHINWELL, who seldom gives the impression of being deeply in earnest

House of Commons:
Whose Finger . . .?
these days, revealed early in his speech the advantages of a National Service debate, with the accent on reducing the term of conscription, at this particular moment. "This," he said, "is a very serious subject—as Honourable Members will discover when the election comes along." This frank revelation of policy was greeted with Tory cries of "Oh!" and "Conscription-monger!"

The debate followed the usual course of debates on Service matters. Mr. STRACHEY challenged the Prime Minister to deny that he was prepared to use British troops to defend Chiang Kai-shek's régime in Formosa. Colonel WIGG interrupted almost everyone, often

with more point than his manner suggested. Mr. BELLENGER tricked up with a wealth of gesticulation a long speech which even his own side found intolerably silly. Mr. WYATT, the Seatless Wonder, argued with such felicity his case for doing without a strategic reserve that it momentarily gave the impression of making sense. And Mr. DIBBERG raised the spectre of National Service officers without Service Dress.

The Services Ministers played musical chairs along the Front Bench, taking turns to guard the Government front; but it was the Prime Minister who wound up the debate. Sir ANTHONY was an angry man. When Mr. ROBENS repeated the insinuation that the Government had commitments over Formosa which it was keeping on ice until after the election, he stabbed a finger at the Opposition and demanded "Do you think that is the sort of people we are?" His illustrious predecessor once posed a similar question,

but with a slightly different effect. On this occasion, Mr. ROBENS simply answered "Yes."

The debate ended with a whimper; only thirty-odd Socialists stayed to the end and even they were too listless to press the matter to a vote.

Friday, April 29

Before the Finance Bill entered on its final lap the House provided two diversions. The

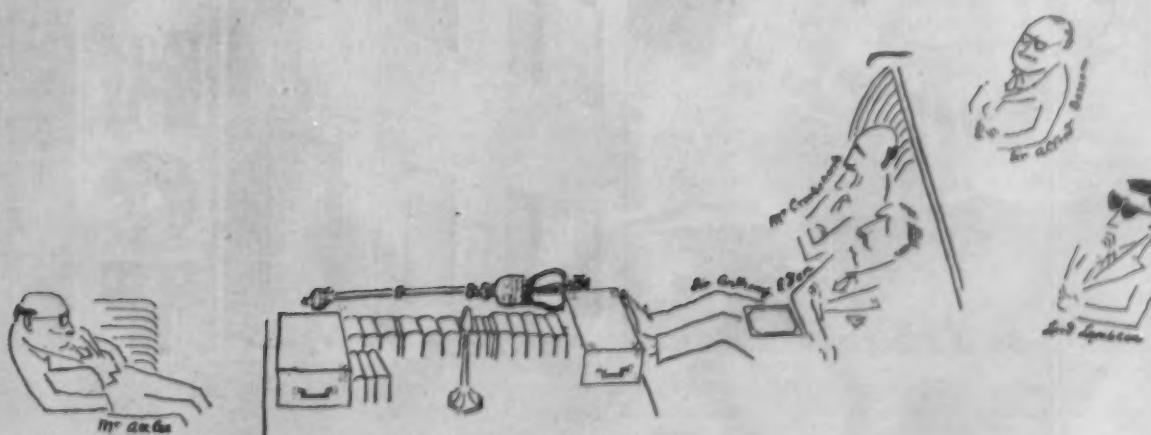
House of Commons:
Finance Bill
Third Reading

first was a petition on behalf of the

Hon. ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN, whose rebuff in the House of Lords seems to have had little effect on his determination to be a Great Man in the House of Commons—a resolution which, like the porter's drink in *Macbeth*, seems so far to stimulate the desire rather than the performance. Then Sir WALTER MONCKTON made a direful pronouncement on the prospects of the engine-drivers' strike. This is the second strike running in which a settlement has not been achieved by acceding to all the strikers' demands; perhaps Sir WALTER is getting tough.

Finally, the third reading of the Finance Bill. Only a few Members were present, but all of them were interested, and many of them expert; the result was a debate of good quality. Sir EDWARD BOYLE, who opened it, remarked that after sitting on a back bench for one-and-three-quarter Parliaments, he attributed the high standard of debate on financial matters to the readiness of the front benches to give way to the back. He then put this doctrine into practice; it was a pity that only nine or ten back-benchers were present to take advantage of it. But at any rate those who did were those who had something to say.

B. A. YOUNG





"Ah, shut up!"



BOOKING OFFICE

Notes on Notebooks

THE great advantage of the *Notebook* as a Literary Form is that no editing is necessary and, indeed, the absence of it is proof that there really is an original notebook. *Journals* have to be worked out in days: get two Tuesdays in one week and nobody will believe Gide really played the piano to you. Another disadvantage of the *Journal* is that most of it must be by you. A *Notebook* can include bits copied out from other writers, like an anthology without the implied promise to discriminate, and even newspaper cuttings. The standard of co-operation expected from *Notebook* readers is high, because they are only looking over into private property. Everything is assumed to be subtly related to whatever happens to precede and follow it; the reader is expected to discover the relationship for himself.

Because it is such an anarchic form that it seems scarcely to be a form at all, the *Notebook* often contains a few ostentatiously well-phrased remarks. The implication is that these have been chiselled and it is not inefficiency that has kept the rest of the material raw. In fact, of course, these have occurred to the writer spontaneously and his work begins only when he looks for some subject to attach them to. For example: *His style is Decorated but his themes are Perpendicular*. This sounds as though labour had been spent on it, as though the phases of Gothic architecture had been brought in to give precision to a literary judgment. I tentatively suggest hanging this one on to Sir Thomas Browne—ornate style, late-Mediaeval preoccupation with symbols of mortality—and pass on. A similar use of the *Notebook* is to drop half-criticisms, the kind of thing that in conversation leads people to say, "Oh, but surely . . ." In a *Notebook* it is quite safe to say: *Thackeray's prose is silver in cadence but leaden in diction*. There is no fear that some busybody will hand you Thackeray's works and invite you to argue your case in full.

The *Notebook* will contain several scraps of dialogue or observation or plot that might well be the germ of later

work. Of course, if the writer really does produce later work all the better. But a well-devised scrap will seem just as pregnant if it never, in fact, becomes anything. Passing a report of a conversation in the village post-office and an anecdote about Maud Gonne, the reader comes to: *The hates of dwarfs—Anna by the bay-tree: the western sky like pulped daffodils*. This makes him feel that if in the mood he could write a short story himself. If a couple of

in them intended to be rather a nice trait.

In some *Notebook*, I cannot remember whose, there are pages of questions. The reader, I suppose, is to be stimulated by these to search for the answer, the implication being that asking the right questions is far more important and difficult and admirable than finding the right answers. I still think this is an easy way to make a reputation for profundity. *What animal painter had Florence to set beside Stubbs?* Does this really illumine as by a flash the whole relationship of Nature, Art, the Renaissance and the Hanoverian Aristocracy? If it does not, it may still successfully make the reader feel that the deficiency is his. *Is Mozart an illustration of the truth that form is to the passions as rhythm is to Love?* I have looked at this sentence for five minutes and have become more and more convinced that I am on the verge of understanding Mozart and Human Nature and Aesthetics and what liaisons with a group of noble dames can do for the artist.

Now in a real *Notebook*, before the spell can wear off the reader is hauled on to the next point which may be a neat comparison to describe the underside of chestnut leaves or a quotation from Renan: *La vérité consiste dans les nuances* is a good one. I have probably remembered it inaccurately and I know it only as a quotation. However, Renan is the kind of writer that notebook-makers love. He was erudite in a massive, nineteenth-century way and we are fleeing back to extensive erudition from the intensive slim volumes of recent years.

On the next page to Renan's happy hit we are off remembering the pony-cart at childhood picnics and how the little old man who was so funny catching wasps in his sandwich turns out to have been Watts-Dunton.

R. G. G. PRICE

Lepidus Novus Libellus

Ros Maria. A. B. Ramsay. Alden and Blackwell, 7/6

For years they tried to teach me how to write Latin verses. I used to wonder what was the point, and now at last am provided with an answer. Mr. Ramsay's



hundred pages later the notebook-maker casually reveals that Anna is Anna Kavan or Anna Neagle or Anna Pauker all the better.

A good *Notebook* should have characters running through it. Too many of the famous and mysteriously it will turn into a *Journal*; but there should be an occasional meeting with them, always described as if they were just old friends and you did not realize that they were famous. Then there should be a good deal about one or two people whose names the reader will know without quite being able to put an achievement to them. *Notebooks* emerge often from milieux that seem at the time to be a backwater but later are found to have been the mainstream. To the sardonic reader, the notebook-maker's chums often seem a bit tatty and his belief

Latin verse in Catullan metres is lucid, muscular, and (for much of it is occasional) exactly what the occasion demanded; and now, standing alone without their occasions, the individual poems remain spruce and enjoyable, making one feel it's a pity that laureates do not write in Latin. The imagined fragments of the work of a contemporary of Catullus are particularly good. The English verses in the same book revive with grace and charm a world of duns and schoolmasters but lack the toughness of the Latin.

P. D.

The Woman on the Roof. Helen Nielsen. *Gollancz*, 10/-

Wilma Rathjen wasn't actually on the roof, though it makes a title as crisp and intriguing as the book. Wilma simply had a roof-top apartment, from which she had a view of other people's bathtubs, in particular one with a dead blonde in it. Miss Nielsen has not only a mind for cool plot-making—readers are hereby defied to spot the loser in this whodunit—but a feeling for people which many detective story writers might think irrelevant to the genre. Her characters live in the round, so much so that it is quite disappointing to find, in chapter twenty, that the Law has no claim on one's personal *bête noire*. J. B. B.

Queen of the Trianon. Iain D. B. Pilkington. *Jarrold*, 18/-

Mr. Pilkington's engrossing championship of Marie Antoinette dispels the fallacy that this lady has lost her attraction. Admittedly this Austrian Archduchess was vain, stupid, *recherché*, and semi-illiterate, but what charm she must have possessed! Even the most parochial-minded *sansculotte*, when admitted to her presence, was seduced by her personality. On television Marie

Antoinette would have eclipsed in popularity even Lady Boyle. This is an admirable biography; unpretentious, direct and keen, it reveals Marie Antoinette's story to be even more enthralling than one remembered. Particularly skilful is Mr. Pilkington's description of Marie Antoinette's imprisonment, trial and ride to the guillotine—how brave and self-possessed she was, and how surprising this is. Another commendable aspect of this story is the presentation of Louis XVI, dull but essentially agreeable, and unobtrusively dignified. Facts, as Mr. Pilkington shows, add to rather than detract from an old romance. K. D.

Enter Sir Robert. Angela Thirkell. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6

We, to adopt its author's idiom, have seldom met with a novel whose title had less to do with its story than this one's has (or should it be "hasn't"?). Sir Robert enters in the last sentence with no effect at all on the story, what there is of it. This book is in fact only a pleasant chronicle of pleasant social occasions among pleasant people in Mrs. Thirkell's Barsetshire, a very different county from that of her recently re-popularized forerunner. Lots of the characters are lords and therefore not regarded as quite human, lots are old servitors, very imperious, or villagers to whom, we are told, if they have anything to sell, we, nowadays, pay a heavy blackmail in "listening and sympathizing." In fact in this latest novel Mrs. Thirkell seems not only to be repeating but plagiarizing herself. This decided, the reader will immediately be badly shaken by a flash of wit or observation or humanity or the emergence of a character from a dozen brilliant words and begin to revise his verdict. B. E. S.

The Verdict of You All. Rupert Croft-Cooke. *Secker and Warburg*, 15/-

This is a straightforward account of the author's conviction for a homosexual offence and his imprisonment at Wormwood Scrubs, with a short interval at Brixton. His description of his arrest and trial, despite uncertainties of tone and fact, gives some cause for uneasiness.

The picture of prison life is very much the same as the pictures in books by ex-prisoners a quarter of a century ago. It is usual to have a Question in the House and a formal disavowal by the Home Secretary every time a detailed description is published; but there seems to be a gap between what Home Secretaries and even Prison Commissioners say happens and what actually does happen. Mr. Croft-Cooke's worst charge is not of brutality—he makes few complaints against the Prison Officers—but of the absence in practice of the various remedial and habitatory measures that the public have been assured exist. His book is expertly readable, ostentatiously unembittered and apparently sensible;

but will it get anything done? Democracy is as unwilling as aristocracy to devote consistent and effective attention to its prisons.

R. G. G. P.

The Bond and the Free. Charles Dunscomb. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 10/6

This remarkable first novel by a man who, at the age of thirty-nine, was recently accepted by the Church of England and started his theological studies, is told in a series of letters written by a fictitious niece of the wife of Pontius Pilate during the period from A.D. 27 to A.D. 62. The letters are written in a lively style using modern English to present a very readable picture of life in and around Jerusalem during that time. The author utilizes the historical background of the Roman Empire and presents actual characters in a manner consistent with history to show how an intelligent agnostic who witnessed the trial of Jesus Christ before Pontius Pilate and the subsequent development of Christianity is converted not as the automatic result of an emotional cataclysm but as the gradual dying of self.

A. V.

My Many-Coated Man. Laurie Lee. *Andre Deutsch*, 6/-

There are only fifteen poems in this well-printed volume, but so many of them are thoroughly satisfying that one doesn't grudge it a more-than-traditional slimness. Mr. Lee is usually straightforward without being vapid, his rhythms strong but not strummed, and his imagery luxuriant, vivid, and, for a change, comprehensible. One of his long suites is what was called "fancy" before the rats got at the word.

Several of these poems consist of extended and elaborated images, unmetaphysical conceits, something in the manner of Cowley but more controlled; and once or twice, when an image isn't strong enough to last the distance, it is exploited with a pleasing cynicism, juggled past, as it were, on an admittedly false prospectus. Mr. Lee's verse is intelligent, unoracular, and enjoyable.

P. D.

AT THE PICTURES

*The Constant Husband
The Prisoner*

ONE's opinion of a film—at least, my opinion—sometimes has to be carefully worked out, as what might be called the resultant of a number of different forces, the general impression left after considering each department (story, direction, acting, dialogue, photography and so on) in turn. But every now and then something appears that is so completely, essentially, in grain enjoyable (or, of course, the reverse) that even if one were challenged for a one- or two-word verdict as one left the cinema one could give it without hesitation. *The Constant Husband*



"But can you undertake to support my daughter in the differential to which she has been accustomed?"

(Director: SIDNEY GILLIAT) is one in this category; it's some time since I enjoyed anything so much.

Not that this is an "important" or serious work of art: it does not for instance strike so deep, or make any attempt to, as *The Prisoner* (see below). But it is incomparably pleasing entertainment, beautifully done: entertainment not merely satisfying for the moment—even that can be valuable enough, goodness knows—but also in some way able to give you a sort of nut of pleasure that you can take away and savour afterwards. Not for very long, perhaps, but for long enough—and without that gnawing consciousness of having been taken in, of having been tricked into wasting time on something unworthy of attention.

As the advertisements say, this is about a man who "went one better than Henry VIII": seven wives, six of them bigamous. But to state the situation like that tells you nothing—it is easy and melancholy to imagine how crudely such a theme might be presented (and to just as much laughter, let's face it, from certain parts of the audience). But here we have an imaginative, witty script (by the director and VAL VALENTINE) and an enormous skilful cast—REX HARRISON as the polygamist is on the screen practically all the time, but almost every name in the list recalls an amusing character-sketch—admirably directed in scenes a great many of which were recognizably and most attractively taken on the spot. The old Launder-Gilliat preference for location shots is handsomely justified here in a number of London scenes, not to mention one in (I take the script's word for it) a fishing village twenty miles south of Aberystwyth.

The story is ingeniously framed as a matter of gradual discovery: the polygamist (too much on his mind for one man to cope with) loses his memory and starts from scratch, uncovering with increasing dismay the complications of his previous existence. He has the enthusiastic help of a brain specialist (CECIL PARKER—a delightful performance) who is fascinated by his case, and the complications, though not always easy to untangle at the moment, are all splendidly entertaining. The whole thing is a lovely job.

The film of BRIDGET BOLAND's play *The Prisoner* (Director: PETER GLENVILLE) is an outstanding acting performance by ALEC GUINNESS, but it is much more. For one thing it is quite an impressive acting performance by JACK HAWKINS. It is also, however—and one can't often say this about the adaptation of a play—a real film, offering continuous interest and pleasure to the eye, and making or emphasizing a great many of its points visually.

This is done simply enough by means of editing and camera-angles, and it may be that to some moviegoers the effort will seem obvious and forced; but though I



(The Constant Husband)
The man who has lost his memory
REX HARRISON

am usually as ready as anyone to object when such devices appear artificial, here I thought them justified and not in the least obtrusive or distracting.

The place is an Iron Curtain country; the theme is an intellectual duel between a captive Cardinal and his Interrogator; the point is that at the end, when the Interrogator seems to have broken the Cardinal's resistance, he has also—by his own arguments as much as anything—quite changed his own attitude and made his own job intolerable. The piece is not "moving" in the emotional sense, it is intellectually moving; and it is a fascinating example of film-making skill as well as of powerful acting.

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Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Vanishing Prairie (20/4/55) is still in London; and among the new ones is a good Western with JAMES CAGNEY, *Run for Cover*.

Best news of releases is that the delightful Swedish *The Great Adventure* (8/12/54) is among them. *The Night My Number Came Up* (6/4/55) is quite a good suspense piece about a prophetic dream of an air crash. RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE GALLERY

Selected Acquisitions of the Walker Art Gallery Liverpool, Agnews', 43 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. (Closes May 28).



THE brave expansion of the Walker Art Gallery collection in the last ten years by a considerable number of Old Masters and contemporary or near-contemporary works, mainly British, is a cheering feature in a time when so many of our treasures are sold abroad. A selection of these works forms the content of this exhibition.

Of the great names, Rembrandt is represented by a self-portrait while still a young man, well turned out and optimistic; but the work contains a suggestion of that deep humanity which he portrayed later to an unequalled extent by the dramatic use of light and shade, thereby making himself one of the immortals. Two religious pieces, a Virgin and Child by Murillo with a yellow background and a richly coloured Assumption from the studio of the Caracci, are in a fine state of clarity, and well shown on the maroon walls at Agnews'. Van Dyck, the courtier par excellence, for once allows some venom in a portrait, that of the Infanta Isabella in the habit of the Poor Clares. Gainsborough, whose brilliance never ceases to astonish, is represented by a miraculously handled portrait (Sir Robert Clayton), and Turner by a middle period landscape, which by comparison with most of the foregoing pictures could afford to be cleaned. Stubbs: his "Molly Longlegs, held by her jockey" is more than a portrait of a horse, and in the delicate contrasts of colour afforded by jockey and the landscape background is some of the essence of the English spring. This mood is sustained by its near neighbour, a portrait of Lady Cunliffe, by Francis Cotes. And again poetry touches the painting of the lilac and green shot silk dress, lace cuffs, and creamy face and forearm.

With the moderns there is little general similarity of style, but among canvases by Mathew Smith, Sickert, Hitchens, Gilman and Innes a complete surprise is afforded by a striking and subtle portrait (of his mother) by the late Ambrose McEvoy. Many who have too easily written off McEvoy in the past may have to revise their views on seeing this canvas.

Recommended

Colnaghi's Gallery, 14 Old Bond Street, W.1. (Closes May 25); Old Master drawings of the finest quality. ADRIAN DAINTREY

AT THE PLAY IN PARIS

Les Sorcières de Salem (SARAH BERNHARDT)—*Intermezzo* (THÉÂTRE MARIGNY)—*Port-Royal* (SALLE LUXEMBOURG)—*Yerma* (THÉÂTRE DE LA HUCHETTE)—*La Condition Humaine* (THÉÂTRE-HEBERTOT)—*Un Cas Intéressant* (THÉÂTRE LA BRUYÈRE)



(*Les Sorcières de Salem*)

John Proctor—
YVES MONTAND

against thirty-eight in London. Their range and activity are staggering, but on the other hand the list of imports from Britain and America seems to be increasing, and caution is needed if you wish to be certain of a native product. *Living-Room* (now in its eighth month) speaks for itself. So, almost as clearly, does *L'Amour des Quatre Colonels*, and so also *La Petite Maison de Thé*; but the unwary may not recognize John Gay in *L'Opéra du Gueux* or Noël Coward in *Quatuor*.

The only Anglo-Saxon play we allowed ourselves was *Les Sorcières de Salem*, having missed it—as *The Crucible*—at Bristol. I felt it had been under-praised. Marcel Aymé's translation may have lost some of the strength of Arthur Miller's original, for New England puritanism doesn't exactly slide into French, but this account of a seventeenth-century witch-hunt is very dramatic stuff, and perfectly modern in its relevance not only to McCarthy but also to the MVD and any other instance of the struggle between individual liberty and organized fanaticism. It is the Protestant equivalent of the Inquisition, and just as hideous. The plight of these villagers under the heel of men in a fever of hanging appears no less terrible because the excesses for which they stand trial are so obviously the results of the lives they are obliged to lead—given even a Reels Club and a W.I. none of the young women would have bothered to dance naked in the wood or stick pins into dolls. I found

it an arresting play, very well acted, beautifully set, and produced most intelligently by RAYMOND ROULEAU. The end is really moving, when the accused farmer gathers courage to tear up the confession that might have saved him, and goes out quietly to the scaffold. YVES MONTAND takes him superbly, and SIMONE SIGNORET gives a disturbingly good performance as his dour and tortured wife.

Of the French plays I enjoyed the Marigny revival of Giraudoux's *Intermezzo* enormously. A short time ago it was done capably in London, at the Arts, as *The Enchanted*; but it needs a French company of the first order to bring out its full delicacy and charm, the richness of the comedy and the excitements of its sudden swerves into supernatural melodrama. It is about a gently pantomime village haunted by a spectre coming at dusk to visit the young schoolmistress, who is gaily in love with the mysteries of death and responsible for a class of sharp-witted little girls under fire from a couple of absurd examiners. Will the ghost take her with him, or will her lover persuade her to remain on this side? Only an orchestrated reminder of the joys of living brings her back finally to life. *Intermezzo* is the fantasy of a poet, and a robust one; it has a winning

innocence and is yet ironic, it satirizes humanity and is yet as light as a feather—at least most of it. And although it is an utterly French play I had the curious feeling all through that with its brilliant philosophic nonsense and its parody of village types it could be transplanted without difficulty to Ireland. I cannot imagine it much better acted than it is at the Marigny, where SIMONE

VALÈRE as Isabelle, PIERRE BERTIN as the preposterous Inspector, and JEAN DESAILLY as Isabelle's pining lover are all excellent. About JEAN-LOUIS



(*Yerma*)



(*Intermezzo*)
Le Contrôleur—JEAN DESAILLY
Isabelle—SIMONE VALÈRE



(*La Condition Humaine*
Kyo Gitors—SERGE SAUVION

BARRAULT's ghost I am not so sure. It seems a little too grim for such an airy piece, as if Hamlet's father had invaded Alice.

Our chief disappointment was in *Port-Royal*, which Henry de Montherlant has declared will be his last work for the theatre. It has had tremendous notices from the French critics, who point to the fineness of its language, the lucidity with which it expresses the unseen drama of the soul, and the force of its presentation by the Comédie Française company at the Salle Luxembourg. All that is true, but so is the fact that nuns arguing endlessly about the impact of the Jansenist heresy on their individual consciences are pretty hard going; Louis XIV probably had the same feeling when he closed down the abbey of Port-Royal soon afterwards. Whenever one begins to think that at last every corner of doubt has been explored, these unburdened ladies sit down and set to all over again. Such is their austerity, even in their clash with the Archbishop of Paris—the nearest the play gets to drama—that the action appears to be happening in some vast sanctified refrigerator. Ungratefully, perhaps, I began to long for somebody of coarser fibre to get up and suggest a little more give-and-take all round. Within the bounds of passionate chilliness there are striking performances by ANNIE DUCAUX, RENÉ FAURE, and AIMÉ CLARIOND (as the Bishop), and the play is produced with admirable precision by JEAN MEYER.

Less demandingly, *Yerma* seemed to me to say a great deal more. Adapted by Jean Camp from Federico García Lorca and produced with remarkable ingenuity on the tiny stage of the Huchette (a pocket theatre holding ninety-seven if no one breathes too heavily), it is a simple and elemental play about a barren woman in a Spanish village, who feels her childlessness to be a crime against nature. Nothing is overstated, but her isolation from the other women becomes extremely dramatic. The poetic quality of the language is beautifully natural, and the acting gains by its peasant dignity. No touch of "Cold Comfort Farm" here; even the fertility songs over the soapuds and the visit to the sorceress ring dead true. And there is a terrible force in the woman's murder of her husband, not in anger but almost in gentleness, of animal necessity. This very promising production is the first by GUY SUARES, a young actor. Many of the performances are interesting, but that of DOMITILLA AMARAL as Yerma shadows them all.

Thierry Maulnier's adaptation of André Malraux's novel, *La Condition Humaine*, describes the ardour, frustration and final disillusionment of young communists fighting uncomfortably alongside Kai-shek at Shanghai in 1927. It is noisy, diffuse, and broken up into no fewer than twenty-six scenes, some of which only blur the issue; but in spite of occasional lapses into starry-eyed propaganda and a mott of shouting and banging it is good enough to carry us beyond creed into the personal tragedy of men who have set out as idealists and



(*Port-Royal*
L'Archevêque de Paris—AIMÉ CLARIOND

been beaten in their minds as well as in their bodies. The finest scenes are also the grimdest, in a prison where human generosity survives sadism. One comes out of the play as out of a battle. JEAN BRASSAT, SERGE SAUVION and ROBERT BAZIL lead it with great sensibility.

If you remember *The Shrike*, and for its tortuously explicit realism substitute the implicit working of a Kafka nightmare, you have a good idea of *Un Cas Intéressant*, a simpler and better play by Dino Buzzati, adapted by Albert Camus. The victim trapped in the clinic is an industrialist with a nervous breakdown. As he is pushed farther and farther downhill by the sinister and plausible doctors nothing prevents him from calling a taxi except a mounting paralysis of will; and the reasons for this paralysis are only vaguely suggested, so that, growing more and more like a large baby, the man becomes a human symbol caught up in something much larger and more alarming than a mere clinic. DANIEL IVERNEL plays him as a fading and perplexed volcano. *Un Cas Intéressant* isn't a tragedy, for the emotions are scarcely engaged, but it is clever and rather terrifying.



(*Un Cas Intéressant*
Giovanni Corte—DANIEL IVERNEL

That patchy play, *All's Well That Ends Well*, comes second at Stratford. NOEL WILLMAN's Louis XIII production is good pictorially and goes a fair way uphill. ALAN WEBB and ROSALIND ATKINSON, excellent as the King and Countess; JOYCE REDMAN, a charming Helena, though a little uneasy with the verse; MICHAEL DENISON, too matter-of-fact as Bertram. ERIC KROWN



ON THE AIR *Closed for Alterations*

IT is sad news indeed that the B.B.C. has again decided to submit to the dictates of the political parties and to ban all political controversy from its programmes between May 6 and May 26. Once again the British elector will be denied the open forum argy-bargy of radio and television, of "Any Questions?" "In the News" and so on, and will make up his mind from the slanted propaganda of his newspaper and the hustings.

It is a nonsensical situation. If these programmes are tainted with partiality why is it that Transport House and the Conservative Central Office do not have them permanently suppressed? Why does the ban last only three weeks? The answer must be that neither party can trust its followers, its unofficial mouthpieces, to interpret official policy correctly—which means that neither party is prepared to allow any exhibition of deviationist independence.

But politics cannot be kept out of radio and TV programmes merely by banning controversy: the party game rears its ugly head whenever a speaker, an actor or a comedian of known political persuasion steps before the microphone or cameras. If the party bosses look closely into the ordinary, everyday and apparently unexceptionable programmes put out by the B.B.C. they will find that political inference and allusion are ever present. Listen carefully to those rich American accents (Formosa?), hear Grandma Grove complain that she is "faint for lack of nourishment" (pensions?), see what guile there may be behind a talk on "Oil painting in Sicily."

We can blame our two-party system for



[Orson Welles's Sketch Book]

ORSON WELLES

this unhappy political interference with the affairs of the B.B.C. The two Gallup-conscious giants feel that ninety-five per cent of their votes at the coming election are almost in the bag, and they are not prepared to risk damage to this hard core of popular support. So they are opposed to the public ventilation of unofficial political views, even though it is such gossip that weighs heaviest with the all-important marginal or floating voter. A very sad and perplexing business.

A few months ago Orson Welles took the hot seat in "Press Conference" and performed admirably. Now he is trying his hand at an even more difficult and nerve-racking mode of expression—the public soliloquy. He has recorded six fifteen-minute talks for television under the title "Orson Welles's Sketch Book," and on the evidence of his pipe-opener he seems to have bitten off rather more than he can chew over.

Welles's large leonine head filled the screen and his powerful subterranean

voice growled through a long and ponderous introduction. He showed us one or two simple drawings—for which I could see no possible justification—and then, with obvious regret, left his introduction behind. Unfortunately the burden of his subsequent remarks amounted to very little: he growled on . . . and on, detailing various untoward theatrical events and patting theatrical audiences on the head for their amazing perspicacity. Occasionally he allowed his humour to surface with a whimsical turn of phrase, and less frequently he allowed his voice to leave the Hollywood gravel beds and become momentarily musical.

It may be that I expected too much from this gifted performer, or it may be that I ought to reserve judgment until the series is in full swing. The interim report, however, must be that "Orson Welles's Sketch Book" is somewhat disappointing.

I was surprised to find Glyn Daniel introducing a trivial television programme called "The Secret Arts." Daniel has acquired a following among viewers as the voice of authority in archaeology. He is believed: when he tells us how Stonehenge was built we believe him; when he declares that an amorphous lump of beeswax is an ancient fossilized Assyrian haggis we give rein to our incredulity for only a few seconds. And I have no doubt that thousands of viewers would believe this claptrap about the Welsh wizards. The chief results of this shabby programme will be an increase in the trade of palmists, crystal-gazers and readers of teacups, and a profitable boost for the newspaper astrologists.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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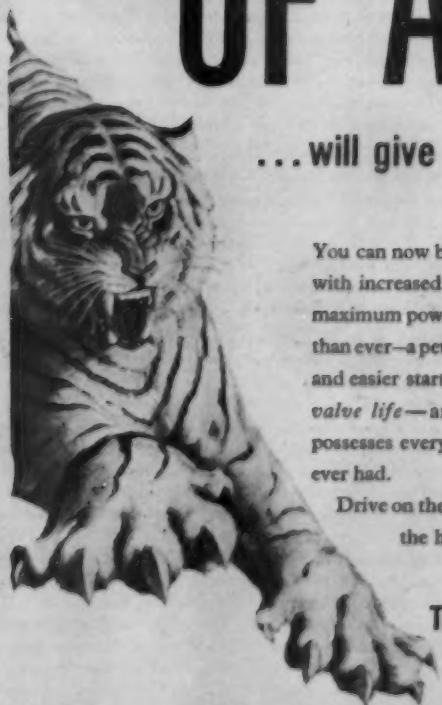
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PLANTERS' LONG ORDEAL IN THE MALAYAN EMERGENCY

SIR JOHN HAY'S STATEMENT

The Second Annual General Meeting of Labu Cheviot Rubber Limited will be held on May 16 at 19 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

In his statement circulated with the Directors' Report and Accounts, Sir John Hay said:

In 1954 all three of this Company's properties suffered from terrorist attacks. The two estates in the Bahau district of Negri Sembilan, Glendale and Middleton, were particularly troubled in the last six months. Terrorists were reported in large numbers and estate defences had to be considerably strengthened.

In October one of our planters was ambushed and murdered while engaged in his daily duties. Mr. T. W. Hunt was a young man of 27, known for his conscientious attention to the interests of those working under him, and was just preparing to go on leave at the end of his first tour of service. A Chinese contractor was killed by his side. Our sincere sympathy goes out to the families of the murdered men.

At Middleton Estate a European Assistant was fortunate to escape lightly wounded from an encounter with the terrorists. In an ambush at Labu Estate an Indian Assistant was more seriously wounded, and the Manager, Mr. J. M. Watts, only escaped unhurt through a combination of cool courage and good luck.

Working on an isolated estate, such as Glendale, the Chinese labour force had become infected with Communism. By their supplies of food and information to the terrorists who maintained a stronghold in the neighbouring forest, the efforts of the military and police were constantly frustrated. After many unsuccessful attempts to deal with this situation, Government determined on the removal, at 48 hours' notice, of the whole of the Chinese labour force at Glendale. Fortunately, this operation was carried out without incident and a special train took the workers, their families, belongings and livestock to homes and work elsewhere. The labourers made no demonstration against the transfer. No doubt they were glad to move to places where they would be less subject to the exactions of the terrorists and to the irksome restrictions which security precautions impose. A new labour force has been brought to the estate and it remains to be seen whether the terrorists can be permanently cleared from the neighbourhood, so that this force remains untainted.

PRESENT CONDITIONS IN MALAYA.

In Malaya, political advancement has become the focus of public attention and what is termed the "Emergency" has tended to fall into the background, only to be momentarily brought forward when some tragic incident occurs. The conditions existing on our properties, as briefly related here, are not exceptional. True, Malaya has its designated white areas, within which there is a welcome freedom from irksome regulations and a greater sense of security. In a recent report, however, we are warned that such areas "offer to these subversive elements possible sources of food, money and recruits as well as rest." Moreover, "white" covers such parts of the country as are well populated, served by good communications and at no time were they ever worse than grey. There still remain the black places in all States of the Federation, which after seven years of fighting have not changed their sombre hue and are now the special targets of savage attacks, following a change in terrorist tactics from deployment to concentration. Operations by the army, air force and police continue

on a large scale; some successes are recorded, but the difficulties of the terrain have not yet been mastered and the expenditure of immense effort too often results in only a single capture and sometimes not even that. The campaign to win the hearts and minds of men can hardly prosper in circumstances where protection cannot be given and where any display of loyalty is dangerous to life.

Recent reports record accounts of brutal murders, one on suspicion of giving information, another for attempting to stop the stealing of rubber. Labour, thus intimidated, continues to supply the bandits with food and money, a practice "which the security forces have been unable to prevent."

Reporting on the situation, one of our Managers writes of "the cumulative oppressive effect of a feeling of continuous insecurity." Another, writing from another estate situated in a different district, expresses himself as follows:—"The population is so imbued with Communism that the . . . Police are laughed to scorn; . . . The tenor of life is one of fear." Many others report in the same strain: "There is a constant daily threat of ambush"; "The strain of knowing that there roams in the fields and in the nearby jungle Communist terrorists who . . . use the 'democratic' weapons of murder, fear and extortion." There is some criticism of Government, particularly directed to the exercise of a petty economy in the shape of a reduction in the number of police officers which, it is alleged, can only result in further loss of life and prolonged and increased expenditure. There is a further more serious allegation that "it could almost be said that we seem to be back to the type of thinking that prevailed in 1948."

Such is the spontaneous and independent testimony of Managers, writing with the grim experience of life in the black areas. For seven years they have had to maintain a constant alertness to danger, to travel in armoured cars and to live behind barbed wire fences, the gun ever ready to hand. They are not only concerned for the lives of their families and themselves, but for the many who serve under them. The tension mounts with time. A lack of confidence in the effectiveness of the measures taken by Government is now evident. This is significant and disturbing.

From the nature of their operations, spread over large areas with only one worker to about five to ten acres, those engaged in agriculture are specially vulnerable to attack. But for the steadfastness and courage of those who occupy key positions, organised work on many large estates would cease and the Communist would have advanced well on the way to the realisation of one of his chief aims, namely the disruption of the country's economy. What may happen on a plantation, however remote, is not therefore merely a matter for those immediately affected. It should be the concern of the whole community. Domestically, we endeavour to do all we can to give protection to those who serve us. On our own estate defence measures this group, of which our Company is a member, has spent out of its own resources over a million pounds. In addition thereto, we have provided facilities for recreation and relaxation and other amenities not required of us by law. Frequent staff leave is given from isolated places to the safety of a town. But the responsibility for establishing and maintaining law and order rests on Government, however constituted. It is its first and supreme task. The terrorist pursues his evil ends with singleness of mind. That quality must be matched on Government's side if it is to perform its first and elementary duty.

Sir John Hay went on to deal with the domestic affairs of the Company and concluded with a tribute to the Managers and staff on the Estates.

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... if your equator bulges, but JUPITER couldn't care less, and wears them all the time. However, chief gods set their own fashions: who is going to criticize when you have a bagful of thunderbolts ready to loose off in any slight fit of pique?

On the contrary, people swore by Jupiter, recalling that if it hadn't been for the eclipse of his moons no one would ever have managed to measure the speed of light.

JUPITER presides over vineyards, which would make anyone proud. But also over matrimony, which may have given him the distinct hump you can see from any good observatory, not to mention the wandering tendency common to all planets... Except, of course, the stubbornly steadfast

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WHAT WOMEN LIKE MOST ABOUT MEN

By Prince Gourielli

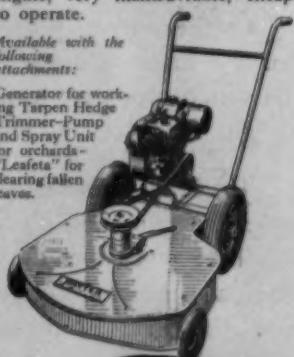
HAVE you ever heard the words: "such a *clean-cut young man*" or "how well-groomed he always is"? According to a recent survey it is *grooming* that the girls find it hardest to resist. Effeminate? Nonsense! Using the resources of the famous laboratories of my wife, Helena Rubinstein (the celebrated cosmetician), I have designed a new range of toilet preparations for men and men only. The scent I chose has a rugged freshness that's unmistakably masculine; and the original cocktail-shaker flasks are plainly 'his'. What constitutes good grooming? Let's start at the top. YOUR HAIR. Dandruff? . . . greasy and dull? . . . dry and lifeless? Try my new Tonic Hair Shampoo (7/9) followed by Tonic Hair Groom (15/6). The shampoo contains a special agent to control dandruff and the hair groom is vitamin-enriched. YOUR FACE. Without a doubt your face's worst enemy is the razor. To protect tender skin I have created a New Enriched Shave Cream (in Classic Bowl 10/9) blended of super-soft oils that penetrate the most grizzled beard and lubricate the skin beneath. To carry on the good work I developed a special After-Shave Lotion (15/6) to nourish, tone and soothe. Note: a *lotion*, YOUR BODY. For general good-grooming there is Prince Gourielli Men's Soap (3 man-sized tablets for 10/9) . . . Talcum For Men (discreetly treated with a new deodorant, 7/9) . . . and Eau de Cologne For Men (19/6). Available from leading stores and chemists. P.G.

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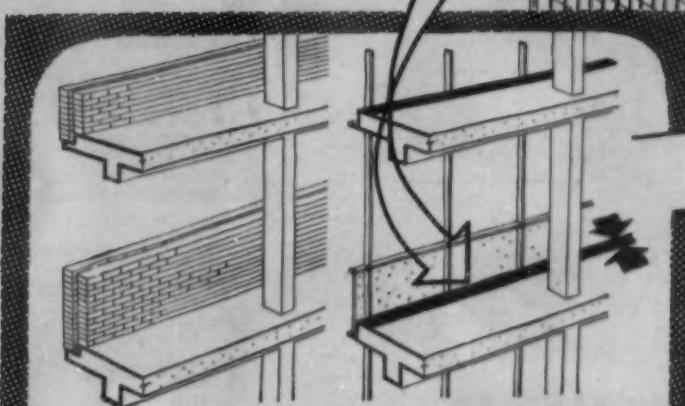
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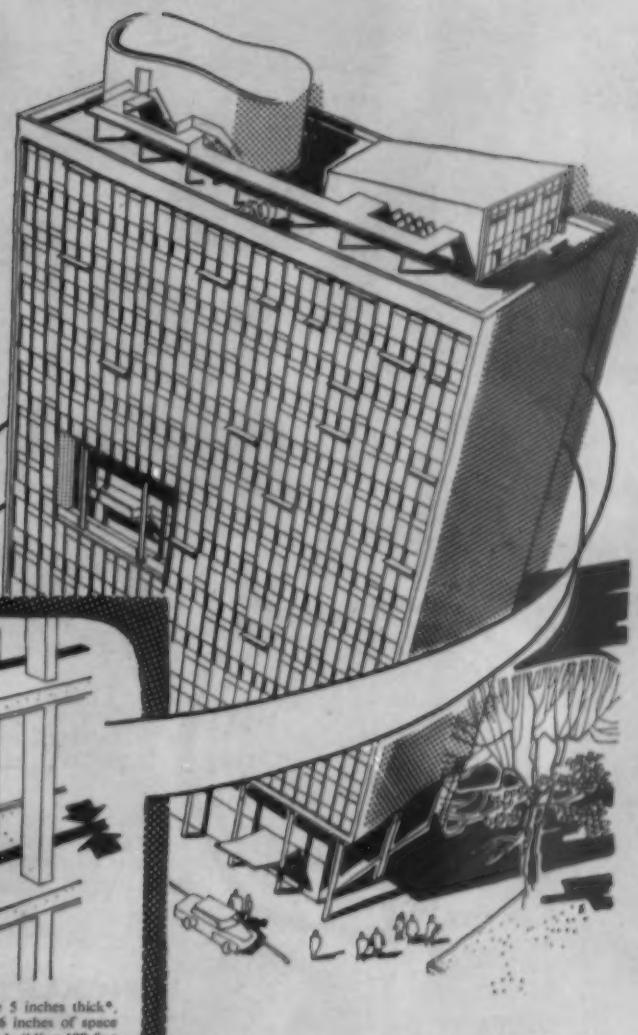
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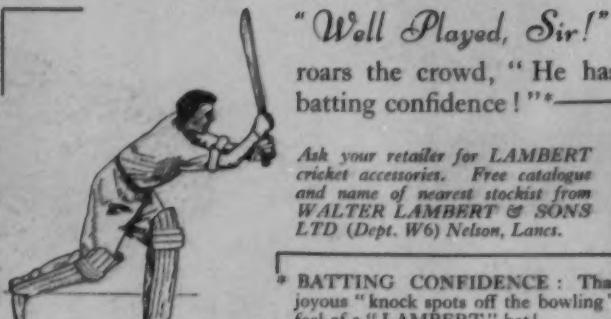
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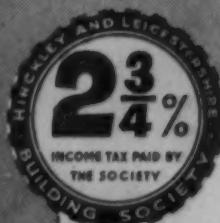
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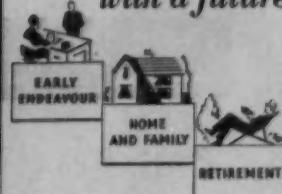
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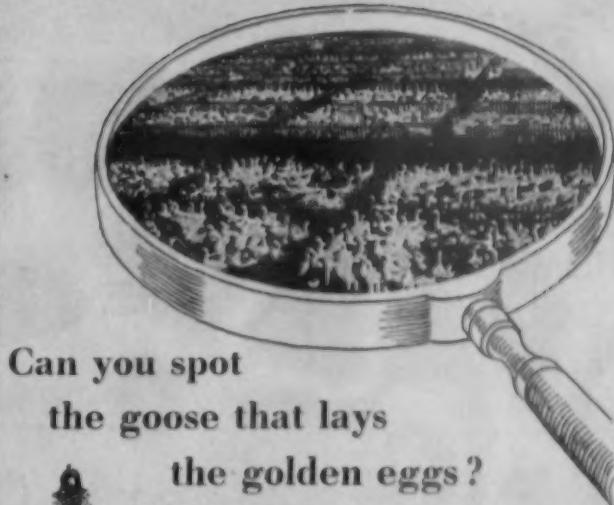


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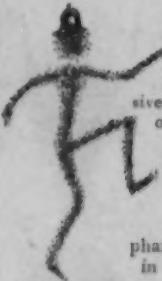
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"S-s-sorry you're being t-r-r-rroubled," I said.

"Oh pipe down, do," groaned Mave.

"Talking of pipes . . ." I said.

"Who is?" said Mave icily.

"I am," I said. "About the 30 feet of piping you carry around inside you, which everything you eat has to negotiate. Your intestinal muscles are supposed to pull it through—but they've nothing to take hold of if you eat a lot of starchy food."

"What's that to me?" asked Mave.

"No answer when you dial T.U.M.," I said, "and a bad line in constipation. What you need is more bulk on your daily menu—



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"The breakfast food?" enquired Mave.

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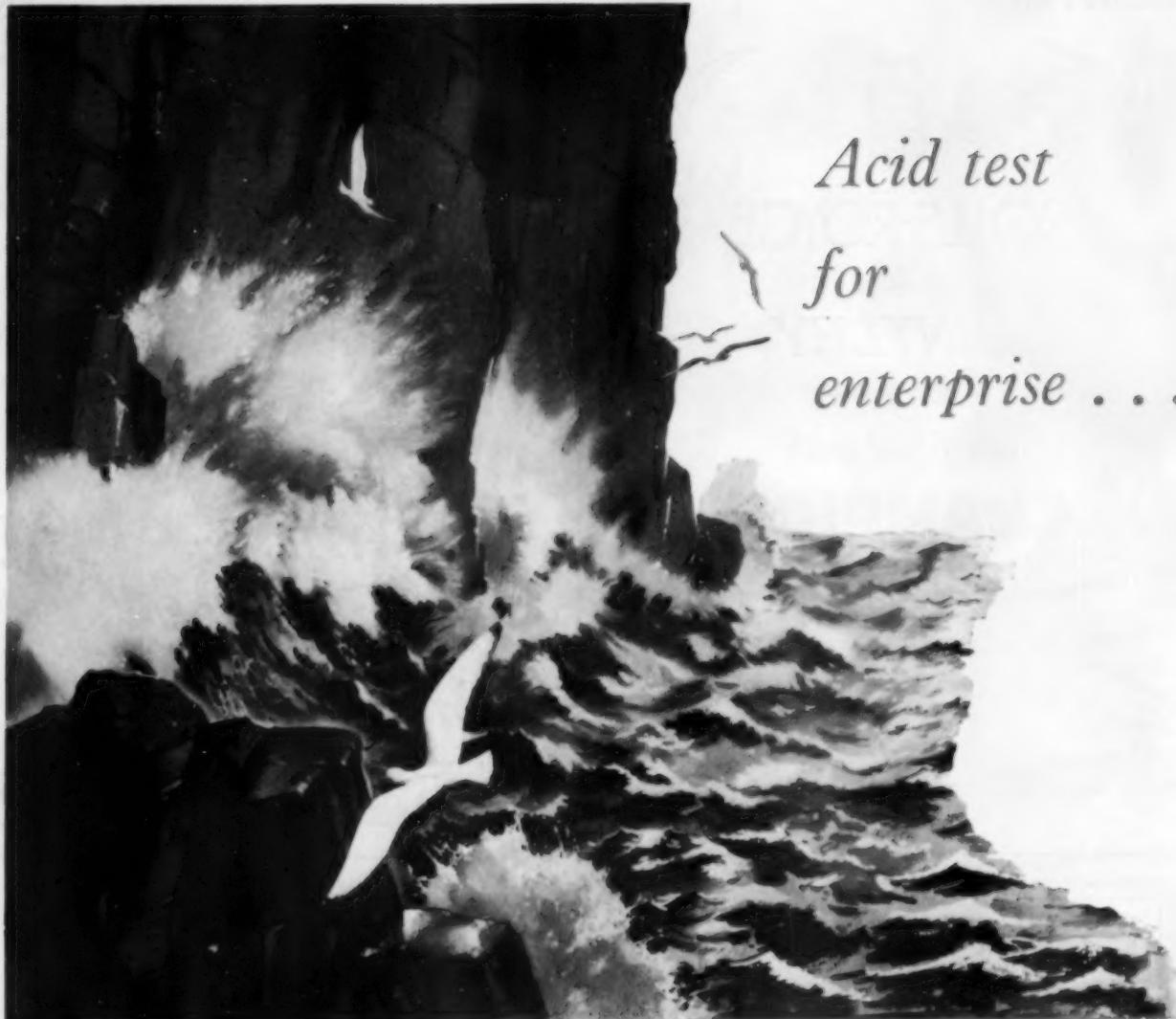
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